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Henry VI. First Part

WITHDRAWN

William Shakespeare

With Introductions, Notes, Glossary, Critical Comments, and Method of Study

The University Society
New York

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Henry VI. First Part

by

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The University Society
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HENRY VI.—Parts I., II., and III.

Preface.

First Editions. (I.) *The First Part of Henry the Sixth* was in all probability printed for the first time in the First Folio. On November 8th, 1623, Blount & Jaggard entered, among other copies of Shakespeare's works "not formerly entered to other men," "the Thirde Parte of Henry the Sixt," by which term they evidently referred to the play which, chronologically considered, precedes the Second and Third Parts.

The opening lines of the play are sufficient to render it well-nigh certain that 1 *Henry VI.* is not wholly Shakespeare's;* and there can be little doubt that "the hand of the Great Master is only occasionally perceptible" therein. Probably we have here an inferior production by some unknown dramatist,† writing about 1589, to which Shakespeare made important "additions" in the year 1591; to him may safely be assigned the greater part of Act IV. ii.-vii., especially the Talbot episodes (Scene vii., in spite of its rhyme, has the Shakespearian note, and is noteworthy from the point of view of literary history); the wooing of Margaret by Suffolk (V. iii.) has, too, some-

* *Cp.* Coleridge, "If you do not feel the impossibility of [these lines] having been written by Shakespeare, all I dare suggest is, that you may have ears,—for so has another animal,—but an ear you can not have, *me judice.*"

† Dr. Furnivall sees at least four hands in the play; Mr. Fleay assigns it to Peele, Marlowe, Lodge or Nash, and Shakespeare. The attempt to determine the authorship is futile, owing to the absence of all evidence on the point.

thing of Shakespeare's touch; finally, there is the Temple Garden scene (II. iv.), which is certainly Shakespeare's, though, judged by metrical peculiarities, it may well have been added some years after 1591. We may be sure that at no time in his career could he have been guilty of the crude and vulgar presentment of Joan of Arc in the latter part of the play.

(II.) *The Second and Third Parts of Henry the Sixth,* forming together a two-section play, have come down to us in two versions:—(*a*) The Folio version, authorized by Shakespeare's editors; (*b*) a carelessly printed early Quarto version, differing in many important respects from (*a*); about 3240 lines in the Quarto edition appear either in the same or an altered form in the Folio edition, while about 2740 lines in the latter are entirely new.* The title-pages of the first Quartos, corresponding to Parts I. and II. respectively, are as follows:—(i.) "The First part of the Con | tention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke | and Lancaster, with the death of the good | Duke Humphrey | And the banishment and death of the Duke of | Suffolk, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall | of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion | of *Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke's first claime vnto the* | *Crowne.* LONDON. Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, | and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peter's | Church in Cornwall. 1594.† [Quarto 1.] (ii.) "The | true Tragedie of Richard | *Duke of Yorke, and the death of* | good King Henrie the Sixt, | *with the whole contention betweene* | the two Houses Lancaster | and Yorke, as it was sundrie times | acted by the Right Honoura | ble the Earle of Pembrooke his Seruants. | Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Milling- | *ton, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder* | *Saint* Peter's Church in |

* "Out of 3075 lines in Part II., there are 1715 new lines and some 840 altered lines (many but very slightly altered), and some 520 old lines. In Part III., out of 2902 lines, there are about 1021 new lines, about 871 altered lines, and above 1010 old lines.

† Entered in the Stationers' Register, March 12th, 1593.

Cornwal, 1595." [Quarto 1.] Second editions of both (i.) and (ii.) appeared in 1600, and in 1619 a third edition of the two plays together:—" The | Whole Contention | betweene the two Famous | Houses, LANCASTER and | YORKE. | *With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke* Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, *and King Henrie the Sixt.* Divided into two Parts: and newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *William Shakespeare,* Gent. | Printed at LONDON, for T.P." [Quarto 3.]

(Both the First and Third Quartos have been reproduced by photolithography in the series of Quarto Facsimiles issued under the superintendence of Dr. Furnivall; Nos. 23, 24, 37, 38.) In the comparison of Quartos 1 and 3 one finds that the corrections are principally in Part I.; in Part II. the alterations are almost all of single words; taken altogether, however, the changes are slight, and are such " as may have been made by a Reviser who heard the Folio Play (*2 Henry VI.*) with a copy of Quarto 1 or Quarto 2 in his hand, or who had a chance of taking a note or two from the Burbage-play-house copy, and then made further corrections at home." At all events, Quarto 3 is a more correct copy of the older form of *2, 3 Henry VI.* than we have in Quarto 1, though its superiority does not bring it much nearer to the Folio version.*

The Relation of the Quartos to 2 and 3 Henry VI. The most cursory glance at the Quartos is enough to convince one that scant justice has been done to the author of the plays, and that the printers of the Quartos must have had very careless copy before them. Probably many errors may be referred to the indifferent reporters employed by the pirate publisher.

'Some by stenography drew
The plot, put it in print, scarce one word true';

* A condensed version of the three parts of *Henry VI.,* in one play, was prepared by Charles Kemble, and has recently been printed for the first time in the *Irving Shakespeare* from the unique copy in Mr. Irving's possession.

so complained Thomas Heywood of the treatment to which one of his productions had been subjected; he complained, too, that "plays were copied only by the ear," "publisht in savage and ragged ornaments." But this probable cause of much corruption in *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* will not account for (*a*) the inherent weakness of a great part of both plays; (*b*) the un-Shakespearian character of many important passages and whole scenes. On the other hand, many of these latter passages are to be found (it is true, often in an improved form) in *the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.*, as printed in the Folio. Hence arises the most complex of Shakespearian problems, and scholars are divided on the question; their views may be grouped under four heads, according as it is maintained (1) that Shakespeare was the author of the four plays;* (2) that Shakespeare was merely the reviser, retaining portions of his predecessor's work, altering portions, and adding passages of his own;† (3) that the portions common to the old plays, and 2, 3 *Henry VI.*, were Shakespeare's contribution to the original dramas (by Marlowe, Greene, Shakespeare, and, perhaps, Peele);‡ (4) that Marlowe, Greene, and, perhaps, Peele, were the authors of the old plays, while Shakespeare and Marlowe were the revisers, working as collaborators. The fourth view has been strenuously maintained in an elaborate study of the subject, contributed to the Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society,§ where the Marlowan passages in the Quartos are definitely attributed to Marlowe, the Greenish to Greene, and others to Peele, while the Marlowan lines which occur for the first time in 2, 3 *Henry VI.* are accounted for by assu-

* *Cp.* Knight's Essay on the subject in *The Pictorial Shakespeare.*

† Malone, *Variorum Shakespeare*, 1821, Vol. XVIII.

‡ R. Grant White, *Shakespeare*, Vol. VII. *Cp.* Halliwell, *First Sketches of 2 and 3 Henry VI.*: *Sh. Soc. Reprints*, 1843; Swinburne, *Study of Shakespeare*; etc.

§ Miss Jane Lee, *New Shak. Soc.*, 1876.

ming that Marlowe and Shakespeare jointly revised the older plays; so that in some cases we have Shakespeare revising the work of Marlowe and Greene, at others Shakespeare and Marlowe revising the works of Greene.*

It is undoubtedly true that many passages in *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie* are reminiscent of Marlowe and Greene, and that such a passage as *2 Henry VI.* Act IV. i. 1-11, which occurs for the first time in the Folio, is also strongly Marlowan in character, but this and similar rhetorical sketches may very well have been in existence before 1594, being omitted from the acting version of the play, and hence not found in *The Contention.* Again,

* Miss Lee's conjectural table of Shakespeare's and Marlowe's shares in *2, 3 Henry VI.* is none the less of value, as indicating the doubtful elements of the plays, though one may not accept her final conclusions. It is here printed as simplified by Prof. Dowden (Shakespeare Primer, p. 76: *Cp. Shak. Soc. Trans.*, 1876, pp. 293-303). "The table shows in detail how the revision was effected. Thus "Act I. Sc. i. S., *M. and G.*" means that in this scene Shakespeare was revising the work of Marlowe and Greene; "Act IV. Sc. x. S. and M., *G.*" means that here Shakespeare and Marlowe were revising the work of Greene.

Henry VI. Part II.—Act I. Sc. i. S., *M. and G.*; Sc. ii. S., *G.*; Sc. iii. S., *G. and M.*; Sc. iv. S., *G.* Act II. Sc. i. S., *G.*; Sc. ii. S., *M.* and (?) *G.*; Sc. iii. S. and (?) M., *G.*; Sc. iv. S., *G.* Act III. Sc. i. S. and (?) M., *M. and G.*; Sc. ii. S. and M., *M. and G.*; Sc. iii. S., *M.* Act. IV. Sc. i. M., *G.*; Sc. ii., iii., iv., S., *G.*; Sc. v. unrevised, *G.*; Sc. vi., vii., viii., ix. S., *G.*; Sc. x. S. and M., *G.* Act V. Sc. i. M. and S., *M. and* (?) *G.*; Sc. ii. M. and S., *G. and M.*; Sc. iii. S., *G. and M.*

Henry VI. Part III.—Act. I. Sc. i. S., *M.*; Sc. ii. M., *M.*; Sc. iii. unrevised, *M.*; Sc. iv. S., *M. and* (?) *G.* Act II. Sc. i. M. and (?) S., *M. and* (?) *G.*; Sc. ii. (?) M., *M., G., and* (?) *P.*; Sc. iii. S. and M., *M.*; Sc. iv. M., *G.*; Sc. v. S. and (?) M., *G.*; Sc. vi. M., *M. and G.* Act III. Sc. i. S., *G.*; Sc. ii., S., *G. and* (?) *M.*; Sc. iii. (?) M., *G. and* (?) *P.* Act IV. Sc. i. S., *G.*; Sc. ii. M., *M.*; Sc. iii. S., *M.*; Sc. iv. S., *G.*; Sc. v. S., (?) *G.*; Sc. vi., vii., S., *G.*; Sc. viii. S., (?). Act V. Sc. i. M., *G. and* (?) *P.*; Sc. ii. S., *M. and G.*; Sc. iii. M., *G.*; Sc. iv. S., *G. and* (?) *P.*; Sc. v., vi. S., *M.*; Sc. vii. unrevised, *G.*"

the famous Jack Cade scene (Act IV. ii.) is common to the Quarto and Folio; according to this fourth view it must be attributed to Greene, but there is nothing in the whole of his extant plays to justify the ascription. The most striking speech in the whole of 2 and 3. *Henry VI.*—viz., York's *"She-wolf of France but worse than wolves of France,"* is to be found *verbatim* in the older Quartos. That Marlowe was capable of this and of higher efforts none will deny, but there is in the speech, high-sounding as it is, a certain restraint and sanity, an absence of lyrical effect, which would make one hesitate before assigning it to Marlowe, even if external evidence told in favour of, and not against, his authorship. Weighing carefully all the evidence, one is inclined to see in the Quartos of 1594-5, a garbled shorthand edition of an acting version, popular at the time, perhaps chiefly by reason of Shakespeare's 'additions' to earlier plays, previously unsuccessful, possibly the work of Marlowe and Greene, or of some clever disciple; the correct copy of this pirated edition may have served as basis for the revised version which Shakespeare subsequently prepared, though he did not in this instance attempt a thorough recast of his materials: the comparatively few important 'additions' which appear in the Folio version, and only there, may be (i.) Shakespeare's contributions to the older plays before 1594; or (ii.) the work of the original author or authors, omitted from the acting version; or (iii.) new matter added by Shakespeare any time between 1594 and 1600 (*e.g.* 3 *Henry VI.*, v., ll. 1-50).*

Date of Composition. (1.) There is no mention of *Henry VI.* in Meres famous list in *Palladis Tamia* (1598), although reference is there made to so doubtful a produc-

* The Cambridge editors put the matter cautiously:—"We cannot agree with Malone on the one hand, that they (the old plays) contain nothing of Shakespeare's, nor with Mr. Knight on the other, that they are entirely his work; there are so many internal proofs of his having had considerable share in their composition."

tion as *Titus Andronicus*; the omission must have been due to the vexed question of authorship, and not to any want of popularity on the part of the plays: as early as 1592 Nash in his "*Pierce Penniless*" referred to the enthusiasm of Elizabethan playgoers for the Talbot scenes: —"*How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had been two hundred years in his tomb he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators (at least at several times), who, in the tragedian that represents his person, behold him fresh bleeding.*" There can be little doubt that 1 *Henry VI.* is here referred to, and especially the Shakespearian contributions to the play. According to Henslowe's Diary '*Henry* (or *Hary, Harey*, etc.) *the Sixth*' was performed as a new play in March 1591; the repeated entries in 1592 fully bear out Nash's eulogy. If, as seems very probable, Henslowe's "*Henry VI.*" is identical with 1 *Henry VI.*, we have the actual date of Shakespeare's additions to an old and crude 'chronicle drama,' the property of Lord Strange's Company.*

(II.) To the same year as Nash's "*Pierce Penniless*" belongs Greene's posthumous tract '*The Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance.*'† At the end of the pamphlet, published by Chettle before Dec. 1592, occurs the famous address 'To those gentlemen his quondam acquaintance,' etc.‡ The three playmakers to whom his remarks are directed have been identified as (1) Christopher Marlowe, (2) Thomas Nash (or possibly Lodge), and (3) George Peele. The point of the whole passage is its attack on players in general, and on one player in particular, who was usurping the playwright's

* Shakespeare in all probability belonged to this Company; in 1594 it was merged into the Lord Chamberlain's (*vide* Halliwell's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*).

† *Cp. Shakspere Allusion-Books*, Part I. Edited by C. M. Ingleby for *The New Shakespeare Society* (1874).

‡ *Vide* quotation at the end of this Preface.

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province.* The words *'tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide'* parody the line *'O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide,'* which is to be found in both *The True Tragedy* and 3 *Henry VI.* (I. iv. 137). Some critics are of opinion that Greene's allusion does not necessarily imply Shakespeare's authorship of the passage in which the line occurs; this view, however, seems untenable, judging by the manner in which the quotation is introduced. Nevertheless the passage may perhaps show (i.) that Greene himself had some share in *The Contention*; (ii.) that Marlowe had likewise a share in it; (iii.) that Greene and Shakespeare could not have worked together; and (iv.) that Marlowe and Shakespeare may have worked together. One thing, however, it conclusively proves—viz., Shakespeare's connexion with these plays before 1592. Furthermore, in December of the same year, Chettle apologised for the publication of Greene's attack on Shakespeare:—"Myselfe have seene his demeanour no lesse civill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of daling," etc.* It is not likely that the subject of this eulogy could have been a notorious plagiarist;† if, as some

* Nash, in his *"Apologie for Pierce Penniless,"* tells us that Greene was "chief agent" of Lord Pembroke's Company, "for he wrote more than four other." It is significant that the title-page of Quarto 1 of "The True Tragedie" expressly states that the play had been acted by this Company.

† Chettle's *'Kind-Heart's Dream.'*

‡ One does not deny that Greene may possibly have given Shakespeare 'the ground' of these plays, as later on he gave him the stuff for his *Winter's Tale.* "R. B. *Gent.*" has the following significant verse in a volume entitled *Greene's Funeralls* (preserved in the Bodleain Library):—

"Greene is the pleasing object of an eye;
Greene pleased the eyes of all that looked upon him;
Greene is the ground of every painter's die;
Greene gave the ground to all that wrote upon him;
Nay more, the men that so eclipst his fame,
Purloined his plumes; can they deny the same?"

maintain, no line in the Quartos can justly be attributed to Shakespeare, he would perhaps have merited Greene's rancour. But "*it is not so, and it was not so, and God forbid that it should be so!*"

(III.) In 1599 Shakespeare concluded his Epilogue to *Henry V.* with the following lines:—

> "Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned King
> Of France and England, did this King succeed;
> Whose state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France and made his England bleed:
> *Which oft our stage hath shown:* and, *for their sake,*
> In your fair minds let this acceptance take."

From these words we may infer (i.) that 1 *Henry VI.* preceded *Henry V.*; (ii.) that probably the *Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.* are also referred to; (iii.) that Shakespeare claimed in some degree these plays as his own.

(IV.) Finally, the intimate connexion of 2, 3 *Henry VI.* (and *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie*) with the play of *Richard III.*, throws valuable light on the date of composition, and confirms the external and internal evidence for assigning Shakespeare's main contributions to these plays to the year 1591-2, or thereabouts (*Cp. Preface to 'Richard the Third'*).

Sources of the Plot. The materials for 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.*, were mainly derived from (i.) Holinshed's *Chronicles*, and (ii.) Hall's *Chronicle*: the account of the civil wars in the former work is merely an abridgement of the latter; the author's attention would therefore, naturally, be directed to the chief history of the period covered by the plays [*cp.* title-page of the first edition, 1548:—"The Union of the two noble and illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke, being long in continual discension for the croune of this noble realme, with all the actes done in bothe the tymes of the princes, bothe of the one linage and of the other, beginnyng at the tyme of Kyng Henry the

fowerth, the first Author of this division, and so successively proceadyng to the reigne of the high and prudent prince Kyng Henry the eighth, vndubitate flower and very heire of both the sayd linages"].* Although in no part of *Henry VI.* is Holinshed's *Chronicles* followed "with that particularity which we have in Shakespeare's later historical plays," it is noteworthy that it is the primary source of *Part I.*, the secondary of *Parts II. and III.* (On the historical aspect of the plays, *cp. Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare*, Courtenay; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare.*)

Duration of Action. The time of the *First Part* is eight days, with intervals; the *Second Part* covers fourteen days, represented on the stage, with intervals suggesting a period in all of, at the outside, a couple of years; in the *Third Part* twenty days are represented; the whole period is about twelve months.

Historic Time. *Part I.* deals with the period from "the death of Henry V., 31st August, 1422, to the treaty of marriage between Henry VI. and Margaret, end of 1444." *Part II.* covers about ten years, from April 22nd, 1445, to May 23rd, 1455. *Part III.* commences "on the day of the battle of St. Albans, 23rd May, 1455, and ends on the day on which Henry VI.'s body was exposed in St. Paul's, 22nd May, 1471. Queen Margaret, however, was not ransomed and sent to France till 1475." (*Cp.* Daniel's "Time Analysis," *New Shak. Soc.*, 1877-79.)

* Knight points out an excellent instance of Hall's influence, as compared with Holinshed's; in the latter's narrative of the interview between Talbot and his son, before they both fell at the battle of Chatillon, we have no dialogue, but simply, 'Many words he used to persuade him to have saved his life.' In Hall we have the very words which the Poet has paraphrased.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. The martial Henry V., conqueror of France, dies in the culmination of his glory, leaving to his son, Henry VI., the two sceptres of England and France. But the young monarch, still in his minority, is surrounded by warring nobles who lose sight of their country's foreign interests in private broils. The French seize upon this moment of English weakness to retake many of their cities; and the Dauphin receives unexpected aid from a shepherd's daughter, Joan la Pucelle, better known as Joan of Arc, who first assists him to raise the siege of Orleans, notwithstanding the valiant resistance of the English general, Talbot.

II. While the French celebrate their victory with feasting in Orleans, the English plan an attack, and by a sudden night sortie retake the city.

In England, meanwhile, the violent feuds of Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York, and John Beaufort, Earl, afterwards Duke of Somerset, whose parties are distinguished by white and red roses, develop into civil strife which was ere long to deluge the entire kingdom with blood.

III. The French, through the strategy of Joan of Arc, capture Rouen; but Talbot's forces in a desperate charge retake the city. An English garrison is placed on the walls, and Talbot proceeds with his army to Paris, whither the young King Henry VI. has come for his

second coronation. The King recognizes the merit of his general by creating Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury. The French Duke of Burgundy, who had been serving in conjunction with the English army, and had set out from Rouen a little behind Talbot, is met by the Dauphin and persuaded to turn his allegiance to France.

IV. The intrepid Talbot and his son attempt to take Bordeaux, but are entrapped by a greatly superior force under the Dauphin. The personal quarrels of York and Somerset cause them to deny reinforcements promised to Talbot, and he is slain in a bloody battle.

V. The French on their side suffer a loss in the capture of Joan of Arc, who is cruelly condemned to death at the stake for witchcraft. The war brings varying fortunes to both sides, until at last overtures of peace are made. The Dauphin consents to swear allegiance to England and reign as viceroy; while King Henry is induced by the artful suggestions of the Earl of Suffolk to forego a proposed matrimonial alliance with the daughter of the Earl of Armagnac, and to solicit the hand of Margaret, daughter of the Duke of Anjou.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

King Henry.

Shakspere does not hate King Henry; he is as favourably disposed to him as is possible; but he says, with the same clear and definite expression in which the historical fact uttered itself, that this saint of a feeble type upon the throne of England was a curse to the land and to the time only less than a royal criminal as weak as Henry would have been.

The heroic days of the fifth Henry, when the play opens, belong to the past; but their memory survives in the hearts and in the vigorous muscles of the great lords

and earls who surround the King. He only, who most should have treasured and augmented his inheritance of glory and of power, is insensible to the large responsibilities and privileges of his place. He is cold in great affairs; his supreme concern is to remain blameless. Free from all greeds and ambitions, he yet is possessed by egotism, the egotism of timid saintliness. His virtue is negative, because there is no vigorous basis of manhood within him out of which heroic saintliness might develop itself. For fear of what is wrong, he shrinks from what is right. This is not the virtue ascribed to the nearest followers of "the Faithful and True" who in his righteousness doth judge and make war. Henry is passive in the presence of evil, and weeps. He would keep his garments clean; but the garments of God's soldier-saints, who do not fear the soils of struggle, gleam with a higher, intenser purity. "His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; . . . and the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean." These soldiers in heaven have their representatives in earth, and Henry was not one of these. Zeal must come before charity, and then when charity comes it will appear as a self-denial. But Henry knows nothing of zeal; and he is amiable, not charitable.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

III.

Joan La Pucelle.

The representation given of Joan la Pucelle is grating and disagreeable from our conviction that it is historically false and unjust; this however was not the conviction of Hall and Holinshed and their readers, which was as distinctly the other way; and though such glimpses of the truth appear in their narrative as would well enable Shakespeare to divine and display the whole

of it, to have done so would have involved a much more extensive change of the old play than he took in hand. Taking the character as it stands—the embodiment of motives and disposition in harmony with deeds that the chroniclers assert as facts—it is hard to say that it is other than consistent and natural. The world is now in possession of numerous detailed examples of religious enthusiasm and self-deception combining with ambitious or political purpose in all their strange and mingling manifestations both of the mind and body, and if we scrutinize the most fortunate of them the result is much the same as the catastrophe of Joan even as represented in the play. The false impressions and assumptions that inflame the enthusiast work wonders in their strength, but their weakness tells at last. The self-conviction of the special choice and guidance and inspiration of heaven suffers rude shocks in an extended course, as rude as the blindest fatalism that hardens its purposes by repetition of the phrase of a destiny, a mission, or a star. Rarely indeed does the vainly exalted thought of special heavenly protection escape reversal by as depressing a belief of desertion and forsakenness, and a life of heroism may easily close in vacillation, or despair, or degrading attempt to keep up by foul means, or trickery, the influence that only worked wonders, and was victorious when it sprung spontaneously. Still the dramatist has been more tender to Joan in one respect than the historians, and he rejects the fact they charge her with, of shamefully slaughtering, out of spite and in cold blood, her surrendered prisoner.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

I abstain from making any remarks on the character of Joan of Arc, as delineated in 1 *Henry VI.*: first, because I do not in my conscience attribute it to Shakespeare, and, secondly, because in representing her according to the vulgar English traditions, as half sorceress, half enthusiast, and, in the end, corrupted by pleas-

ure and ambition, the truth of history and the truth of nature, justice and common sense, are equally violated. Schiller has treated the character nobly, but in making Joan the slave of passion, and the victim of love, instead of the victim of patriotism, has committed, I think, a serious error in judgement and feeling; and I cannot sympathize with Madame de Staël's defence of him on this particular point. There was no occasion for this deviation from the truth of things, and from the dignity and spotless purity of the character. This young enthusiast, with her religious reveries, her simplicity, her heroism, her melancholy, her sensibility, her fortitude, her perfectly feminine bearing in all her exploits (for though she so often led the van of battle unshrinking, while death was all around her, she never struck a blow, nor stained her consecrated sword with blood—another point in which Schiller has wronged her), this heroine and martyr, over whose last moments we shed burning tears of pity and indignation, remains yet to be treated as a dramatic character.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

Ah, yes! Even Shakespeare is guilty of injustice towards this noble maiden who saved her country, and he treats her in an unfriendly and unloving manner, even if he does not proclaim himself her decided enemy. And even if she saved her country with the aid of hell, she still deserves respect and admiration. Or are the critics right, who hold that those passages in which the maid makes her appearance, as also Parts II. and III. of *Henry VI.* are not by Shakespeare? They maintain that he only revised this trilogy which he took from older plays. I would gladly be of their opinion for the sake of the Maid of Orleans, but their arguments are untenable. In many parts these doubtful plays bear the full impress of Shakespeare's genius.

HEINE: *Notes on Shakespeare Heroines.*

IV.

Lord Talbot.

"This is that terrible Talbot, so famous for his sword, or rather whose sword was so famous for his arm that used it; a sword with bad Latin upon it, but good steel within it; which constantly conquered where it came, in so much that the bare fame of his approach frighted the French from the siege of Burdeaux."

Such is the quaint notice which old Fuller, in his *Worthies,* gives of Talbot. He is the hero of the play before us; and it is easy to see how his bold, chivalrous bearing, and, above all, the manner of his death, should have made him the favourite of the poet as well as of the chroniclers. His name appears to have been a traditionary household word up to the time of Shakspere; and other writers besides the chroniclers, rejoiced in allusions to his warlike deeds. Edward Kerke, the commentator on Spenser's *Pastorals*, thus speaks of him in 1579: "His nobleness bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that ofttimes great armies were defeated and put to flight at the only hearing of his name: in so much that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh." By a poetical license, Talbot, in this act, is made to retake Orleans; whereas in truth his defeat at the battle of Patay soon followed upon the raising of the siege after the appearance of Joan of Arc.

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

Lord Talbot is obviously the noblest character in the whole play, a rough and vigorous knight; battle and war, self-devoted patriotism, knightly honour and bravery, these have constituted his entire life; all higher ideas seem beyond him; he knows how to win a battle, but not how to carry on a war; he is an excellent mili-

tary captain, but no general, no chief, because, although valiant and even discreet and prudent (as is proved by his interview with the Countess of Auvergne), he does not possess either presence of mind, creative power, or a clear insight into matters. This, together with the harshness and roughness of his virtue, which has in it something of the rage of the lion, is his weak point, and proves the cause of his death. His power was not equal to the complicated circumstances and the depravity of the age; under the iron rod of chastisement, he became equally unbending and iron; he is the representative of the rage and ferocity of the war, to which he falls a victim because he is wholly absorbed in it and therefore unable to become the master in directing it. In such days, however, the honourable death of a noble character proves a blessing; victory and pleasure are found in death when life succumbs to the superior power of evil, to the weight and misery of a decline which affects both the nation and the state.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

V.

Shakespeare's Early Hand.

Shakspeare's choice fell first on this period of English history, so full of misery and horrors of every kind, because the pathetic is naturally more suitable than the characteristic to a young poet's mind. We do not yet find here the whole maturity of his genius, yet certainly its whole strength. Careless as to the apparent unconnectedness of contemporary events, he bestows little attention on preparation and development: all the figures follow in rapid succession, and announce themselves emphatically for what we ought to take them; from scenes where the effect is sufficiently agitating to form the catastrophe of a less extensive plan, the poet perpetually hurries us on to catastrophes still more

dreadful. The First Part contains only the first forming of the parties of the White and Red Rose, under which blooming ensigns such bloody deeds were afterwards perpetrated; the varying results of the war in France principally fill the stage. The wonderful saviour of her country, Joan of Arc, is portrayed by Shakspere with an Englishman's prejudices: yet he at first leaves it doubtful whether she has not in reality a heavenly mission; she appears in the pure glory of virgin heroism; by her supernatural eloquence (and this circumstance is of the poet's invention) she wins over the Duke of Burgundy to the French cause; afterwards, corrupted by vanity and luxury, she has recourse to hellish fiends, and comes to a miserable end. To her is opposed Talbot, a rough iron warrior, who moves us the more powerfully, as, in the moment when he is threatened with inevitable death, all his care is tenderly directed to save his son, who performs his first deeds of arms under his eye. After Talbot has in vain sacrificed himself, and the Maid of Orleans has fallen into the hands of the English, the French provinces are completely lost by an impolitic marriage; and with this the piece ends.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

If we separate all the scenes between York and Somerset, Mortimer and York, Margaret and Suffolk, and read them by themselves, we feel that we are looking upon a series of scenes which exhibit Shakespeare's style in his historical plays just in the manner in which we should have expected him to have written at the commencement of his career. We see the skilful and witty turn of speech and the germ of his figurative language; we perceive already the fine clever repartees and the more choice form of expression; in Mortimer's death-scene and in the lessons of his deeply dissembled silent policy, which while dying he transmits to York, we see, with Hallam, all the genuine feeling and knowledge of

human nature which belongs to Shakespeare in similar pathetic or political scenes in his other dramas; all . . . certainly in the germ which prefigures future perfection. These scenes contrast decidedly with the trivial, tedious war scenes and the alternate bombastic and dull disputes between Gloucester and Winchester; they adhere to the common highway of historical poetry, though they have sufficient of the freshness of youthful art to furnish Schiller in his *Maid of Orleans* with many beautiful traits, and indeed with the principal idea of his drama.

GERVINUS: *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Sixth.*
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*
THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.*
HENRY BEAUFORT, *great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*
JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.*
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*
JOHN TALBOT, *his son.*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
Mayor of London.
WOODVILE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
VERNON, *of the White-Rose or York faction.*
BASSET, *of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.*
A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.
CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.*
REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALENCON.
BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
Governor of Paris.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.
MARGARET, *daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.*
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*
Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.
Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France.*

The First Part of

King Henry VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glou. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams:
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

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Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him
By magic verses have contrived his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glou. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glou. Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace:
Let 's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:
Instead of gold, we 'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not now that Henry 's dead.

Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invocate:
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Glou. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was used?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,

By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.
Give me my steeled coat. I 'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part:
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I 'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,

I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so?

Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I 'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enraged he flew:
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him:
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He, being in the vaward, placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their enemies:

A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I 'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne:
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I 'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glou. I 'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;

And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor,
And for his safety there I 'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend.
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office:
The king from Eltham I intend to steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

France. Before Orleans.

Sound a Flourish. Enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier, marching with Drum and Soldiers.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let 's raise the siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Here Alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss.

Re-enter Charles, Alençon and Reignier.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let 's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they 'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmors or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we 'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where 's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.
Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
What 's past and what 's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.
Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter the Bastard of Orleans, with Joan La Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?
Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind:
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there 's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

Puc. And while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from a man.
[*Here they fight, and Joan La Pucelle overcomes.*
Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession 's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.
Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says I 'll confirm: we 'll fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I 'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove? 140
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.

Char. Presently we 'll try: come, let 's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. 150
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

London. Before the Tower.

Enter the Duke of Gloucester, with his Serving-men in blue coats.

Glou. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls.

First Warder. [*Within*] Who 's there that knocks so imperiously?

First Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

Second Warder. [*Within*] Who 'er he be, you may not be let in.

First Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

First Warder. [*Within*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There 's none protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I 'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[*Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Wood. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here 's Gloucester that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glou. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, the haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I 'll shut thee out shortly.

Serving-men. Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we 'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchester and his men in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry! what means this?

Glou. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,

And not protector, of the king or realm.
Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:
I 'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glou. I will not slay thee, but I 'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I 'll use to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou darest; I beard thee to thy face.
Glou. What! am I dared and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat:
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I 'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the pope.
Glou. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?
Thee I 'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!
Glou. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here 's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seek to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife
But to make open proclamation:
Come officer; as loud as e'er thou canst:
Cry.

Off. All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glou. Cardinal, I 'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I 'll call for clubs, if you will not away.
This cardinal 's more haughty than the devil.

Glou. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt, severally Gloucester and Winchester with their Serving-men.*

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Orleans.

Enter on the walls, a Master Gunner and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower to overpeer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;
And even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I 'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [*Exit.*

Enter, on the turrets, the Lords Salisbury and Talbot, Sir William Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchanged and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdaining scorn'd, and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts
In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Here they shoot. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand
That hath contrived this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, has thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die whiles—
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
As who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*

What stir is this? what tumult 's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
Frenchmen, I 'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,

Your hearts I 'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we 'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. [*Alarum. Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same.

Here an alarum again: and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter Joan La Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her and exit after them: then re-enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them:
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. I 'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I 'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.
[*Here they fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I 'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
[*They fight again.*

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
[*A short alarum: then enter the town with soldiers.*

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*
It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exit Talbot. Alarum; retreat; flourish.*

Scene VI.

The same.

Enter, on the walls, La Pucelle, Charles, Reignier, Alençon, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans from the English:
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Before Orleans.

Enter a Sergeant of a band with two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

First Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and forces, with scaling ladders, their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon and Picardy are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery,

Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what 's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid! and be so martial!
Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed: I 'll to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!
[*Cry*: *'St. George,' 'A Talbot.'*

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and Reignier, half ready, and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?
Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.
Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.
Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.
Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter Charles and La Pucelle.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.
Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this;
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I 'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Orleans. Within the town.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, a Captain, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,

Within their chiefest temple I 'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We 'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,

That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled:
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there 's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my mind?

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Auvergne. The Countess's castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I 'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she 's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot 's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow had been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

[Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a peal of ordnance. Enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me;
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The Temple-garden.

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining and so evident
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
[*To Somerset.*
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear but anger that my cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,

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And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I 'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I 'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless yeoman from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I 'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I 'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,
I 'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well and say you are well-warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes,
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward and be choked with thy ambition!
And so farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*

Plan. How I am braved and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot that they object against your house
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Tower of London.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Gaolers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

First Gaol. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.

Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

First Gaol. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despised?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I 'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet

And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason moved these warlike lords to this
Was, for that—young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived

From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And like a mountain not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,

And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.
[*Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.*
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

London. The Parliament-house.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloucester, Warwick Somerset, and Suffolk: the Bishop of Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, and others. Gloucester offers to put up a bill: Winchester snatches it, tears it.

Win. Comest thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devised,
Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glou. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what 's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge as at the Tower.
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do?—except I be provoked.
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incensed the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;

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And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good—
Glou. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glou. Am I not protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?
Glou. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloster!
Glou. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. Rome shall remedy this.
War. Roam thither, then.
Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plan. [*Aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
King. Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
[A noise within, 'Down with the tawny-coats!'
What tumult 's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[A noise again, 'Stones! stones!'

Enter Mayor.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,
And banding themselves in contrary parts
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter Serving-men, in skirmish, with bloody pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

First Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.

Sec. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[Skirmish again.

Glou. You of my household, leave this peevish broil
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

Third Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

First Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*

Glou. Stay, stay, I say!
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my lord protector; yield, Winchester;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glou. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glou. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.
For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.

Glou. [*Aside*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. [*Aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

First Serv. Content: I 'll to the surgeon's.

Sec. Serv. And so will I.

Third Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, etc.*

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glou. Well urged, my Lord of Warwick: for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,

You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham place I told your majesty.

King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

King. If Richard will be true, not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.

King. Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!

Som. [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

Glou. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

King. When Gloucester says the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glou. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.*

Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry named the fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all
And Henry born at Windsor lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle disguised, with four Soldiers with sacks upon their backs.

P. L. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I 'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

First Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we 'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Watch. [*Within*] Qui est là?

Puc. Paysans, pauvres gens de France;
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I 'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, Reignier, and forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we 'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter La Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [*Exit.*

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends:
Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,
And then do execution on the watch.
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

An alarum. Enter Talbot in an excursion.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France.
[*Exit.*

An alarum: excursions. Bedford, brought in sick in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy without: within La Pucelle, Charles, Bastard, Alençon, and Reignier on the walls.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?
Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Char. Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.
Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt with death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Puc. Are ye so hot, sir? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.
[*The English whisper together in council.*

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! base muleters of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains! let 's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die:
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen

And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to begone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe!
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand
And set upon our boasting enemy.
[*Exeunt all but Bedford and Attendants.*

An alarum: excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: excursions. La Pucelle, Alençon, and Charles fly.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.*

An alarum. Re-enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let 's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that 's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The plains near Rouen.

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, La Pucelle, and forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We 'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We 'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint:
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expulsed from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work

To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drum sounds afar off.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, Talbot and his forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

French march. Enter the Duke of Burgundy and forces.

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France:
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O, turn thy edged sword another way;

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours:
So farewell, Talbot; I 'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Paris. The palace.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter: Vernon, Basset, and others. To them with his Soldiers, Talbot.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your grace. [*Kneel.*

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glou. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!

When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up: and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.*

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York:—
Darest thou maintain the former words thou spakest?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I 'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Paris. A hall of state.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glou. Lord Bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glou. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
[*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong
And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glou. To say the truth, this fact was infamous
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.
[*Exit Fastolfe.*
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glou. What means his grace, that he hath changed his style?
No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What 's here? [*Reads*] 'I have, upon especial cause,
Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France.'
O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

King. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

King. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince.

Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him.

King. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I 'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,

Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glou. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections:
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.

King. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forgo
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[*Putting on a red rose.*

That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector and the rest
After some respite will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but York, Warwick, Exeter and Vernon.*

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist he did,—but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt all but Exeter.*

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands:
But more when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*

Scene II.

Before Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with trump and drum.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;

And thus he would: Open your city-gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I 'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,

These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt General, etc.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy:
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Plains in Gascony.

Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with trumpet and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,

To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, Farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel towards his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.
[*Exit, with his soldiers.*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Other plains in Gascony.

Enter Somerset, with his army; a Captain of Talbot's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot

Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The English camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot and John his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I 'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,

That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.
Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they 'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I 'll shame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.
John. No part of him but will be shame in me.
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?
Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

A field of battle.

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.

John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined time thou gavest new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,

And interchanging blows I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus; 'Contaminated base
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:'
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now, thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,

An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable proved, let 's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Alarum: excursions. Enter old Talbot led by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone;
O, where 's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, with the body of young Talbot.

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
[*Dies.*

Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, Bastard, La Pucelle, and forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:'
But with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:'
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,

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Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, attended; Herald of the French preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word:
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where 's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles

Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I 'll bear them hence: but from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot 's slain.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Sennet. Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perused the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glou. I have, my lord: and their intent is this

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They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

King. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glou. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish quietness on every side.

King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glou. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

King. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter Winchester in Cardinal's habit, a Legate and two Ambassadors.

Exe. What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
'If once he come to be a cardinal,

He 'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glou. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. [*Aside*] Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I 'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, La Pucelle, and forces.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.
Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.
Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.
Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Before Angiers.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents. [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I 'll lop a member off and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*

See, they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Excursions. Re-enter La Pucelle fighting hand to hand with York; La Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape!

Puc. Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.
O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surprised
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Suffolk, with Margaret in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whoso'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.
[*She is going.*
O stay! I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I 'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She 's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing!
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.
Mar. Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I 'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth.
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We 'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

A parley sounded. Enter Reignier on the walls.

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit from the walls.*
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord:
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom; I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king.
Aside] And yet, methinks, I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this case.
I 'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnized.
So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*

Suf. O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayest bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I 'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay: away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we 'll have no bastards live;
Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his·
It was Alençon that enjoyed my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that 's most intolerable.

York. Why, here 's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death

Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
[*Exit, guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed

That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenced for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I 'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,

And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen,
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall;
Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

London. The royal palace.

Enter Suffolk in conference with the King, Gloucester and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:

How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glou. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,

It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:

For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

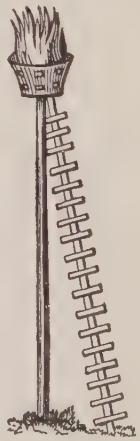
Glou. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king and realm. [*Exit.*

Glossary.

Accidents, events; V. iii. 4.
Accomplices, fellows in arms; V. ii. 9.
Admonishments, instructions; II. v. 98.
Advantage, occasion; II. v. 129.
Affects, cares for, loves; V. v. 57.
Agazed on, aghast at, gazing with amazement at; I. i. 126.
Alcides, Hercules; IV. vii. 60.
Alliance, relationship; II. v. 53.
Amaze, throw into consternation; IV. vii. 84.
Amort; "all a.," quite dejected; III. ii. 124.
Antic, buffoon (Folios 1, 2, "*antique*"; Folios 3. 4, "*antick*"); IV. vii. 18.
Apparell'd, dressed; II. iv. 22.
Apparent, evident, plain; II. i. 3.
Apprehension, conception of me (Theobald, "*reprehension*"; Vaughan, "*misapprehension*" for "*this ap.*"); II. iv. 102.
Argue, show, prove; II. v. 7.
Argument, token; V. i. 46.
Arms, coat of arms; I. i. 80.
As, that; III. i. 16.
Astræa, goddess of justice (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*bright Astræa*"); I. vi. 4.
Attached, arrested; II. iv. 96.
Attaint, tainted; V. v. 81.
Attainted, tainted, disgraced; II. iv. 92; convicted of capital treason, II. iv. 96.
Attorneyship, discretional agency of another; V. v. 56.

Banding, uniting in troops; III. i. 81.
Banning, cursing; V. iii. 42.
Bay; "stand at b.," a term of the chase, "when the game is driven to extremity and turns against its pursuers"; IV. ii. 52.
Beard; "b. thee to thy face," set thee at defiance; I. iii. 44.
Beacon; III. ii. 29. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a XVth century specimen.

Bearing-cloth, the cloth or mantle in which the child was carried to the font; I. iii. 42.

Bearing Cloth
From a French print (*c.* 1600 A.D.) by Bonnart.

Benefit; "of b.," used in its legal sense of property bestowed by the favour of another; V. iv. 152.

Beside, besides; III. i. 24.

Best; "I were best," it were better for me; V. iii. 83.

Bestow, place, lodge; III. ii. 88.

Bewray'd, betrayed; IV. i. 107.

Bishop; "the b. and the D. of Gloucester's men"; *i.e.* bishop's men (Hanmer, "*Bishop's*"); III. i. 78.

Blood; "in b.," in perfect health and vigour; a technical term of the chase; IV. ii. 48.

Blue coats, blue was the ordinary colour of the livery of serving-men; I. iii. 47.

Boot; "it is no b.," it is no profit, use; IV. vi. 52.

Bought and sold, betrayed; IV. iv. 13.

Bounds, boundaries, limits; I. ii. 54.

Bow, depart (Collier MS., "*fly*"; Long MS., "*go*"; Vaughan, "*budge*"); IV. v. 29.

Braved, defied; II. iv. 115.

Break, broach (Pope "*tell*"); I. iii. 81.

Break up, break open (Gray conjectured "*Break ope*"); I. iii. 13.

Bruited, noised abroad; II. iii. 68.

Buckle with, join in close fight with; I. ii. 95.

Bull-beeves, oxen, beef; I. ii. 9.

Canker, canker-worm; II. iv. 68.

Canvass, toss as in a canvass, "toss in a blanket"; I. iii. 36.

Cap, Cardinal's hat; V. i. 33.

Captivate, captive; II. iii. 42.

Cates, delicacies, dainties; II. iii. 79.

Censure, judgement, opinion; II. iii. 10.

——, judge; V. v. 97.

Challenge, claim; V. iv. 153.

Charge, expense, cost; V. v. 92.

Cheer, countenance; I. ii. 48.

Circumstance, circumstances, details; I. i. 109.

Clubs; "I'll call for clubs"; "in any public affray the cry was 'Clubs! clubs!' by way

of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); I. iii. 84.

Coat, coat of arms; I. i. 81.

Cognizance, badge; II. iv. 108.

Collop, slice of meat; V. iv. 18.

Colours, pretence (with play upon the two senses of the word); II. iv. 34.

Commandment, command; quadrisyllabic (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*commandement*"); I. iii. 20.

Conceit, invention, IV. i. 102; understanding, V. v. 15.

Consented unto, conspired to bring about; I. i. 5.

Contemptible, mean, low; I. ii. 75.

Contumeliously, contemptuously; I. iii. 58.

Conveyance, dishonest practices; I. iii. 2.

Cooling card, "something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant"; V. iii. 84.

Cornets, horsemen, cavalry; IV. iii. 25.

Corrosive, fretting, giving pain (Folios 2, 3, "*corrasive*"; Boswell, "*a corrosive*"); III. iii. 3.

Court of guard, main guard-house; II. i. 4.

Crazy, decrepit, weak; III. ii. 89.

Crestless, with no right to coat-armour; II. iv. 85.

Cunning, skill; III. iii. 10.

Damascus; alluding to the ancient belief that it was near the place where Cain killed Abel; I. iii. 39.

Darnel, a kind of weed, rye-grass, which is thought to be injurious to the eyes; hence the old proverb, *lolio victitare* (to feed on darnel); "tares" in Matthew xiii. 25, should perhaps properly be rendered "darnels"; III. ii. 44.

Dead (Folio 2, "*dread*"); I. iii. 34.

Dearest, most precious; III. iv. 40.

Denis; "Saint Denis," the patron saint of France; I. vi. 28.

Determined, limited; IV. vi. 9.

Devise on, lay schemes (Vaughan, "*decide*"); I. ii. 124.

Diffidence, distrust, suspicion; III. iii. 10.

Digest, vent (Folio 2, "*disgest*"); IV. i. 167.

Disable, disparage, undervalue; V. iii. 67.

Discover, tell; II. v. 59.

Disease, cause of uneasiness, trouble; II. v. 44.

Dismay not, be not dismayed; III. iii. 1.

Distrain'd, taken possession of; I. iii. 61.

Drooping chair, chair fit for declining age; IV. v. 5.

Due, endue (? give as thy due) (Folios, "*dew*"; Collier, "*'duc*"); IV. ii. 34.

Dumb significants, signs, indications (Pope, "*d. significance*"); II. iv. 26.

Effused, shed; V. iv. 52.
Emulation, rivalry, contention; IV. iv. 21.
Endamage, injure; II. i. 77.
Enrank, place in order, battle array; I. i. 115.
Entertain, maintain, keep (Collier MS., "*enterchange*"); V. iv. 175.
Envy, enmity; IV. i. 193.
Espials, spies; I. iv. 8.
Exempt, cut off, excluded; II. iv. 93.
Exequies, obsequies, funeral rites; III. ii. 133.
Exigent, end (Vaughan, "*exeunt*"); II. v. 9.
Expulsed, expelled; III. iii. 25.
Extirped, extirpated; III. iii. 24.
Extremes; "most ex.," greatest extremities of danger (Hanmer, "*worst ex.*"); IV. i. 38.

Face, lie with effrontery; V. iii. 142.
Familiar, familiar spirit; III. ii. 122.
Fancy, love; V. iii. 91.
Fashion (Pope, "*passion*"; Theobald, "*faction*"); II. iv. 76.
Feature, make, form; V. v. 68.
Flesh, initiate; IV. vii. 36.
Flower-de-luces, the white lilies, the emblem of France; I. i. 80.
Fond, foolish; II. iii. 45.
Foot-boys, lackeys; III. ii. 69.
Forged, counterfeit; IV. i. 102.
Forlorn, utterly wretched, referring to former wretchedness (Collier MS., "*forborne*"); I. ii. 19.
Forth, forth from, from out; I. ii. 54.
Fortune, fate; IV. iv. 39.
France his Sword, France's sword, *i.e.,* the sword of the King of France (Rowe, "*France's*"); IV. vi. 3.
Froissart (Folios, "*Froysard*"); I. ii. 29.

Giglot, wanton; IV. vii. 41.
Gimmors, gimcracks, curious contrivances (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Gimmalls*"); I. ii. 41.
Gird, rebuke; III. i. 131.
——, invest (Folios 1, 2, "*gyrt*"; Folio 3, "*girt*"); III. i. 171.
Gleeks; "Charles his g.," *i.e.* Charles's scoffs (Folios, "*glikes*"); III. ii. 123.
Gloss, specious appearance; IV. i. 103.
Goliases, Goliaths; I. ii. 33.
Graceless, profligate; V. iv. 14.
Grave, dignified (Collier, "*brave*"); V. i. 54.
Grisly, grim, terrible; I. iv. 47.
Guardant, guard, sentinel; IV. vii. 9.

Halcyon days (Folios 1, 2, "*Halcyons days*"); calm days; halcyon is the old name of the King-fisher. In Holland's Pliny occurs the fol-

lowing illustrative passage:— "They lay and sit about midwinter when days be shortest; and the times whiles they are broody is called *Halcyon days,* for during that season the sea is calm and navigable, especially on the coast of Sicily" (Bk. X., ch. xxxii.); I. ii. 131.

Hand; "out of h.," directly, at once; III. ii. 102.

Haughty, high-spirited, adventurous; II. v. 79.

Have with thee, I'll go with you; II. iv. 114.

Head, armed force; I. iv. 100.

Heart-blood, heart's blood; I. iii. 83.

Heavens, technically the upper part of the stage (overhung with black when a tragedy was enacted); I. i. 1.

His; 'his beams'; its; I. i. 10.

Hungry-starved, starved with hunger; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, *"hungry-starved"*; Rowe, *"hunger-starved"*; Boswell, *"hungry, starved"*; I. iv. 5.

Icarus, the son of Dædalus, "sire of Crete," who, attempting to follow his father's example and fly on wings, was drowned in the sea; I. vi. 55.

Immanity, ferocity; V. i. 13.

Inkhorn mate, bookish man (used contemptuously); III. i. 99.

Insulting, exulting; I. ii. 138.

Intermissive, having a temporary cessation; I. i. 88.

Irks, grieves; I. iv. 105.

Juggling (trisyllabic); V. iv. 68.

Kindly, appropriate; III. i. 131.

Latter, last (Folio 4, *"later"*; Pope, *"latest"*); II. v. 38.

Lie, dwell (Pope, *"lyes"*); III. ii. 129.

Lift, lifted (old form of past tense); I. i. 16.

Like, liken, compare (Hanmer, *"leave me to"*; Vaughan, *"take me so"*); IV. vi. 48.

Linstock, a stick to hold the gunner's match; I. iv. 56.

Lither, soft, pliant; IV. vii. 21.

Loaden, laden; II. i. 80.

'Long of, because of (Folios, *"long of"*); IV. iii. 33.

Lowly, brought low, lying low (Warburton, *"lovely"*); III. iii. 47.

Lowted, made a fool of (Grey, *"flouted"*; Nicholson, *"loiter'd"*; Vaughan, *"lotted"*); IV. iii. 13.

Machiavel, used proverbially for a crafty politician (here an anachronism); V. iv. 74.

Malice, hatred, III. i. 128; enmity, ill-will, IV. i. 108.

Manifest, obvious, evident; I. iii. 33.

Mean, moderation, medium, I. ii. 121.

Mean, means, instrument; III. ii. 10.

Method; "the m. of my pen," *i.e.* the order in which I wrote it down (Vaughan, "*them off my pen*," or, "*the method of them*"); III. i. 13.

Mickle, great, much (Theobald, "*milky*"); IV. vi. 35.

Minotaurs, alluding to the monsters in the Cretan Labyrinth; V. iii. 189.

Miscarry, be lost, die; IV. iii. 16.

Misconceived, misjudging one; V. iv. 49.

Munition, ammunition; I. i. 168.

Muse, marvel, wonder; II. ii. 19.

Neglection, neglect; IV. iii. 49.

Nephew, used loosely for cousin (Rowe, "*cousin*"); II. v. 64.

Nestor-like, i.e. like Nestor, the oldest and wisest hero before Troy; II. v. 6.

Noble, a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eight pence; V. iv. 23.

From an original specimen of Edward III.'s reign.

Miser, miserable wretch; V. iv. 7.

√ *Monarch of the North,* Lucifer (as in Milton), or perhaps the devil Zimimar, mentioned by Reginald Scot as "the king of the north"; V. iii. 6.

Mortality, death; IV. v. 32.

Motion, offer, proposal; V. i. 7.

Mouth, bark, bay; II. iv. 12.

Muleters, mule-drivers (Rowe, "*muleteers*"); III. ii. 68.

Nourish, probably = "nurse" (often spelt "norice," or "nurice" in older English); Theobald conjectured "*nourice*," the French spelling. Steevens states that a stew, in which fish are preserved, was anciently called a "*nourish*" (Pope, "*marish*," the older form of *marsh*); I. i. 50.

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Objected; "well o.," well proposed; II. iv. 43.
Obloquy, disgrace; II. v. 49.
Obstacle, a vulgar corruption of "*obstinate*" (Walker, "*obstinate*"); V. iv. 17.
Olivers and Rowlands, alluding to the two most famous of Charlemagne's peers; I. ii. 30.
Order; "take some o.," make the necessary dispositions, take measures; III. ii. 126.
Ordnance, a small gun, cannon; I. iv. 15.
Otherwiles, at other times; I. ii. 7.
Overpeer, look down on; I. iv. 11.

Packing; "be p.," go away, make haste; IV. i. 46.
Partaker, confederate; II. iv. 100.
Parties, parts, sides (Pope, "*parts*"); V. ii. 12.
Party, part, side; II. iv. 32.
Patronage, maintain, make good; III. i. 48.
Pebble (Folios 1, 2, "*peeble*"; Folios 3, 4, "*peble*"); III. i. 80.
Peel'd, shaven (Folios, "*Piel'd*"; Grey, "*Pied*"; Collier, "*Pill'd*"); I. iii. 30.
Peevish, silly, childish; II. iv. 76.
Pendragon, the father of King Arthur; III. ii. 95.
Periapts, amulets; V. iii. 2.
Period, end; IV. ii. 17.
Peruse, examine; IV. ii. 43.
Pitch, height; II. iii. 55.
Pitch a field; "from the custom of planting sharp staves in the ground against the hostile horse came the signification of marshalling, arranging in a military sense" (Schmidt); III. i. 103.
Pithless, without pith, strengthless; II v. 11.
Platforms, plans, schemes; II. i. 77.
Play'd, played the part; I. vi. 16.
Post, hasten, speed; V. v. 87.
Potter's wheel; I. v. 19. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a figure on the badge worn by the Master of the Guild of Potters at Mayence (*c.* 1600), in the Londesborough collection.

Practisants, fellow plotters (Hanmer, "*partizans*"); III. ii. 20.
Practise, contrive, plot; II. i. 25.
Preferr'd, presented; III. i. 10.
Presently, immediately; I. ii. 149.

Pretend, mean, indicate (Rowe, "*Portend*"); IV. i. 54.
Prevented, anticipated; IV. i. 71.
Proditor, traitor; I. iii. 31.
Proper, handsome, comely; V. iii. 37.
Purblind, half blind; II. iv. 21.
Pursuivants, forerunners, inferior heralds; II. v. 5.
Puzzel, hussy; I. iv. 107.
Pyramis, pyramid (Rowe, "*pyramid*"); I. vi. 21.

Quaint, fine, pleasant; IV. i. 102.
Quell, destroy; I. i. 163.
Qui est là (Malone's emendation of "*Che la*" of the Folios; Rowe, "*Qui va là?*"); III. ii. 13.
Quillets, tricks in argument, subtleties; II. iv. 17.
Quittance, requite, retaliate; II. i. 14.

Raging-wood, raving mad; IV. vii. 35.
Rascal-like, like lean and worthless deer; IV. ii. 49.
Reflex, let shine, reflect (Warburton, "*reflect*"); V. iv. 87.
Regard; "your r."; *i.e.* care for your own safety; IV. v. 22.
Reguerdon, reward; III. i. 170.
Remorse, pity; V. iv. 97.
Repugn, oppose; IV. i. 94.
Resolved, convinced, satisfied; III. iv. 20.
Rests, remains; II. i. 75.
Revolve on, be assured of; I. ii. 91.
Rive, discharge (Johnson, "*drive*"; Vaughan, "*rain*"); IV. ii. 29.
Rope; "a rope! a rope!" a cry often taught to parrots, in order to turn a joke against the passer-by; I. iii. 53.
Ruin, fall; IV. vii. 10.

Scruple, doubtful perplexity; V. iii. 93.
Secure, unsuspecting, confident; II. i. 11.
Shot, marksmen; I. iv. 53.
Sirrah, an appellation addressed to inferior persons; III. i. 62.
Smear'd, stained, smirched (Vaughan, "*snared*"); IV. vii. 3.
Solicit, rouse, stir up, *vide* Note; V. iii. 190.
Sort, choose; II. iii. 27.
Spend, expend, vent; I. ii. 16.
Spleen, fire, impetuosity; IV. vi. 13.
Stand, withstand, resist; I. i. 123.
Stern; "chiefest stern," highest place; I. i. 177.
Still, continually; I. iii. 63.
Stomachs, resentment; I. iii. 90.
Subscribe, submit, yield; II. iv. 44.
Swart, swarthy, dark-complexioned; I. ii. 84.
Sweeting, a term of endearment; III. iii. 21.

Taint, tainted; V. iii. 183.
Talbotites, name given to the English in contempt (Theobald's emendation of Folios, "*Talbonites*"; Hanmer, "*Talbotines*"); III. ii. 28.
Tawny coats, coats of a yellowish dark colour, the usual livery of ecclesiastical attendants; I. iii. 47.
Temper, quality, hardness; II. iv. 13.
Tendering, having care for (Tyrwhitt, "*Tending*"; Beckett, "*Fending*"); IV. vii. 10.
Timeless, untimely; V. iv. 5.
To, compared to, to equal; III. ii. 25.
Tomyris, the Queen of the Massagetoe, by whom Cyrus was slain; II. iii. 6.
Toy, trifle; IV. i. 145.
Traffic, transaction; V. iii. 164.
Train'd, lured; II. iii. 35.
Triumph, tournament; V. v. 31.

Unable, weak, impotent; IV. v. 4.
Unaccustom'd, unusual, extraordinary; III. i. 93.
Unavoided, inevitable; IV. v. 8.
Unawares, by surprise; III. ii. 39.
Unfallible, infallible, certain (Rowe, "*infallible*"); I. ii. 59.
Unkind, unnatural; IV. i. 193.
Unready, undressed; II. i. 39.

Vail, lower, let fall (Folios 1, 2, "*vale*"); V. iii. 25.
Vantage, advantage, "for v." to take your time; IV. v. 28.
Vaward, vanguard; Folios, "*Vauward*"; Theobald conj. "*rereward*" (but probably "vaward" = "in the front line of his own troop"); I. i. 132.

Walloon, a native of the border-country between the Netherlands and France (Folios 1, 2, "*Wallon*"); I. i. 137.
Warrantize, surety; I. iii. 13.
Washford, an old name of Wexford, in Ireland; IV. vii. 63.
Weening, deeming, thinking; II. v. 88.
Where, whereas (Pope, "*While*"); V. v. 47.
Will'd, commanded; I. iii. 10.
Winchester goose, a cant term for a swelling in the groin, the result of disease; I. iii. 53.
Witting, knowing; II. v. 16.
Wont, are wont, accustomed (Folios, "*Went*": Vaughan, "*Won*"; Hanmer, "*Watch*"); I. iv. 10.
Wooden; "a w. thing," "an awkward business, not likely to succeed" (Steevens); V. iii. 89.
Worthless, unworthy; IV. iv. 21.
Wot, know; IV. vi. 32.
Writhled, wrinkled; II. iii. 23.

Yield, admit; II. iv. 42.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 3. '*crystal,*' unnecessarily changed by Hanmer to '*crisped*'; Warburton, '*cristed*' or '*crested*'; Roderick, '*tristful tresses in the sky,*' or '*tresses in the crystal sky.*'

I. i. 6. '*King Henry the Fifth*'; Pope, '*Henry the Fifth*'; Walker, '*King Henry Fifth*'; Pope's reading has been generally followed by modern editors.

I. i. 12. '*wrathful*'; Rowe, '*awful.*'

I. i. 24. '*glory's*'; Folios, '*Glories.*'

I. i. 27. '*By magic verses have contrived his end*'; alluding to the old notion "that life might be taken away by metrical charms" (Johnson). Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Verse*'; Pope, '*verse have thus.*'

I. i. 33. '*had not*'; Vaughan proposed '*had but*' (but *cp.* lines 41-43).

I. i. 49. '*moist*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*moistned.*'

I. i. 56. '*or bright ——*'; various attempts have been made to fill up the blank, which some editors explain as due to the inability of the compositor to read the name in the MS.; Francis Drake, Berenice, Cassiopeia, Alexander, etc., have been suggested. Probably the speech is interrupted by the entrance of the messenger.

I. i. 60. '*Rheims*'; Folios, '*Rheimes*'; evidently intended as a dissyllable; but Capell's '*Rheims, Roan,*' derives some support from the fact that *Roan, i.e. Rouen,* is mentioned by Gloucester in line 65 (Cambridge ed.).

I. i. 65. '*Rouen*'; Folio 1, '*Roan.*'

I. i. 76. '*A third*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*A third man*'; Walker, '*A third one*'; Delius, '*A third thinketh*'; Keightley, '*A third thinks that*'; Dyce, '*And a third thinks,*' etc. Surely a simpler solution of the difficulty is to read '*third*' as a dissyllable with a trilled *r*.

I. i. 78. '*Awake, awake*'; Folio 2, '*Awake, away.*'

I. i. 83. '*their*'; Theobald's emendation; Folios, '*her*'; Anon. conj., '*our.*'

I. i. 94. *'Reignier'*; Rowe's emendation of *'Reynold'* of the Folios.

I. i. 95. *'The Duke of Alençon'*; Walker omits *'of,'* to improve the rhythm of the line.

I. i. 96. *'crowned'*; Rowe's emendation; *'crown'd,'* the reading of the Folios.

I. i. 124. *'flew,'* Rowe's correction; Folios, *'slew.'*

I. i. 128. *'A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain.'* The line has been variously emended as being defective, metrically. Pope, *'A Talbot! Talbot! cried'*; Seymour, *'A Talbot! cried, a Talbot!'*; Vaughan, *'Talbot! a Talbot! cried.'* If, however, *'cried'* is read as a dissyllable, the movement of the line is parallel to that of *'prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,'* in Richard II. iv., and no correction seems necessary—

A Tálbot! | A Tálbot! | crí | ed óut | amáin | .

I. i. 131. *'Sir John Fastolfe'*; Theobald's emendation here and elsewhere of Folios, *'Sir John Falstaffe'*; but in all probability Falstaff was the popular form of the name, and it is questionable whether the text should be altered here. "He was a lieutenant-general, deputy regent to the Duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a Knight of the Garter."

I. i. 176. *'steal,'* Mason's conjecture; Folio, *'send'*; Keightley, *'fetch.'*

I. ii. 1. *'Mars his true moving'*; *cp.* "You are as ignorant in the true *movings* of my muse as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars,* which to this day they could not attain to," quoted by Steevens from one of Nash's prefaces to *'Gabriel Harvey's Hunt's Up,'* 1596. Kepler's work on Mars (*Comment. de Motibus Stellæ Martis*) was published in 1609.

I. ii. 13. *'live'*; Capell, *'sit'*; Walker, *'lie.'*

I. ii. 30. *'bred'*; Folios, *'breed.'*

I. ii. 56. *'nine sibyls of old Rome.'* The number of the Sibyls is variously given as three, four, seven, ten; possibly the 'nine' is here due to confusion with the nine Sibylline books.

I. ii. 86. *'which you see,'* reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'which you may see.'*

I. ii. 99. *'five'*; Folios, *'fine.'*

I. ii. 101. *'Out of a great deal of old iron'*; Dyce's conjecture, *'out of a deal old iron,'* seems the best of the emendations proposed.

I. ii. 103. *'ne'er fly from a man'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4,

'ne're flye no man'; Collier MS., *'ne'er fly from no man'*; there was probably some jingle intended:—

CHAR. *Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.*
PUC. *And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from no man.*

I. ii. 108. *'thy desire'* = desire for thee.

I. ii. 131. *'Expect Saint Martin's summer'*; "expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun" (Johnson). St. Martin's Day is November 11th.

I. ii. 138. *'That proud insulting ship, Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once,'* evidently suggested by the following passage in North's translation of Plutarch's "Life of Cæsar":—"Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himself unto the master of the pynnace, who at first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar, then taking him by the hand, said unto him, good fellow, be of good cheer, . . . and fear not, for *thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.*"

I. ii. 140. *'Mahomet inspired with a dove'*; *cp.* "he (Mahomet) used to feed (a dove) with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice" (Raleigh's "History of the World"), I. i. vi.

I. ii. 143. *'Saint Philip's daughters'*; "the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the Acts" (Hanmer).

The Duke of Gloster.
From a XVIIth century engraving, the original of which was at that time in a painted window at Greenwich.

I. ii. 145. *'reverently worship'*; Capell, *'ever worship'*; Steevens, *'reverence, worship'*; Dyce (Collier MS.), *'reverent worship'*; the last seems the only plausible reading.

I. ii. 148. *'Orleans,'* Folios, *'Orleance'*; Capell, *'hence.'*

I. iii. 4. *''tis Gloucester'*; Pope's emendation; Folios, *''tis Gloster'*; Steevens, *'it is Gloster,'* etc.; *cp.* l. 62 below, where Folios similarly read *'Gloster.'*

I. iii. 29. *'ambitious Humphry'*; Folio 4, *'ambition'*; *'Humphry,'* Theobald's emendation; Folio 1, *'Vmphcir'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Umpire.'*

I. iii. 35. *'indulgence to sin'*; "the public stews were formerly under the

jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester" (Pope).

I. iii. 72. *'as e'er thou canst; Cry'*; Folios, *'as e'er thou canst, cry'*; Collier MS., *'as thou canst cry.'*

I. iii. 82. *'cost,'* Folios 2, 3, 4, *'deare cost.'*

I. iii. 88. *'it ere long'*; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'it e're be long'*; Capell, *'it, ere't be long'*; Collier MS., *'it off, ere long'*; Orson, *'at it.'*

I. iv. 22. *'on the turrets,'* Folios, *'in an upper chamber of a tower'* (Malone).

I. iv. 27. *'Duke'*; Theobald's emendation of *'Earle'* of the Folios.

I. iv. 33. *'so vile-esteem'd'*; Pope, *'so vilde esteem'd'*; Folios, *'so pil'd esteem'd'*; Capell, *'so pill'd esteem'd'*; Mason, *'so ill-esteem'd,'* etc.

I. iv. 95. *'like thee, Nero,'* Malone; Folio 1, *'like thee'*; Folio 2, *'Nero like will'*; Folios 3, 4, *'Nero like, will'*; Pope, *'Nero-like,'* etc.

I. iv. 101. *Joan la Pucelle'*; Folios, *'Joan de Puzel'* (and elsewhere).

I. v. 6. *'Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch'*; "the superstition of those times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood was free from her power" (Johnson).

I. v. 21. *'like Hannibal,'* who, in order to escape, devised the stratagem of fixing lighted twigs to the horns of oxen. (*Cp.* Livy, xxii. 16.)

I. v. 30. *'treacherous from'*; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *'treacherous from'*; Pope, *'tim'rous from.'*

I. vi. 2. *'English'* (trisyllabic), so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'English wolves'*; Staunton, *'English dogs.'*

I. vi. 6. *'Adonis' gardens.'* "The proverb alluded to seems always to have been used in a bad sense, for things which make a fair show for a few days, and then wither away; but the author of this play, desirous of making a show of his learning, without considering its propriety, has made the Dauphin apply it as an encomium" (Blakeway). *Cp. Faerie Queen,* III. vi. 29; Folio 1, *'Garden.'*

I. vi. 22. *'Than Rhodope's or Memphis','* Hanmer's emendation; Folios, *'or Memphis'*; Capell's *'of Memphis'* has been generally adopted. Pliny, writing of the pyramids near Memphis, records that "the fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of *one Rhodope,* a verie strumpet."

I. vi. 25. *'the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius'*; referred to by

Plutarch in his "Life of Alexander," as the "preciousest thing, and the richest that was gotten of all spoyls and riches, taken at the overthrow of Darius . . . he said he would put the Iliads of Homer into it, as the worthiest thing."

II. i. 8. *'redoubted Burgundy'*; Duke of Burgundy, surnamed Philip the Good.

II. i. 29. *'all together'*; Rowe's emendation of *'altogether'* of Folios.

II. i. 40. *'ay, and glad'*; Folios, *'I and glad'*; Pope, *'I am glad.'*

II. i. 63. *'your quarters'*; *'your,'* so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'our'*; *'quarters'*; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, *'Quarter.'*

II. ii. 20. *'Arc,'* Rowe's emendation of *'Acre'* of Folios.

II. ii. 38. *'Auvergne'*; Rowe's emendation of Folio 1, *'Ouergne'*; Folios 2, 3, *'Auergne'*; Folio 4, *'Avergne.'*

II. iii. 49. *'I substance'*; Vaughan proposed to read, *'I shadow, aye and substance.'*

II. iv. 6. *'in the error'*; Johnson (adopted by Capell), *'i' the right'*; Hudson, *'in error.'*

The Temple Garden.
From Aggas's woodcut *Map of London*, preserved in Guildhall.

II. iv. 83. *'His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence'*; this is erroneous; Duke Lionel was his maternal great-great-grandfather.

II. iv. 91. *'executed'*; Pope, *'headed'*; Steevens, *'execute'* (probably to be read as a dissyllable).

II. iv. 117. *'wiped'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'wip't'*; Folio 1, *'whipt.'*

II. iv. 127. *'a thousand'*; Collier MS., *'Ten thousand.'*

II. iv. 132. *'gentle sir'*; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'gentle.'* Anon conj. *'gentlemen.'*

II. iv. *The Temple Garden.* (*Cp.* illustration.)

II. v. *'enter Mortimer'*; Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V. in 1422, and died in his castle in Ireland in 1424.

II. v. 6. *'an age of care'*; Collier MS., *'a cage of care.'*

II. v. 74. *'For by my mother I derived am'*; 'mother' should strictly be 'grandmother,' *i.e.* his father's mother.

II. v. 113. *'fair be all'*; Theobald, *'fair befal.'*

II. v. 123. *'choked with ambition of the meaner sort,' i.e.* "shifted by the ambition of those whose right to the crown was inferior to his own" (Clarke).

II. v. 129. *'ill the advantage'*; *'ill,'* Theobald's emendation of *'will'* of the Folios. Collier MS., *'will the advancer.'*

III. i. 53. *'Ay, see'*; Rowe's emendation of *'I, see'* of the Folios; Hanmer, *'I'll see.'*

III. i. 142. *'kind'*; Pope, *'gentle'*; Capell, *'kind, kind'*; Collier MS., *'and kind'*; probably the line should be read:—

"O loving úncle. || *Kind Dúke* | *of Glóucestér."*

III. i. 199. *'lose,'* should lose; Folio 1, *'loose'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'should lose.'*

III. ii. 14. *'Paysans, pauvres gens de France'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'Peasauns la pouure,'* etc.

III. ii. 40. *'the pride'*; Theobald, *'the prize'*; Hanmer, *'being prize'*; Jackson, *'the bride'*; Vaughan, *'the gripe.'*

III. ii. 52. *"all despite'*; Collier MS., *'hell's despite.'*

III. ii. 73. *'God be wi' you'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'God b' uy.'*

III. ii. 118. *'and martial'*; Collier MS., *'and matchless'*; Vaughan, *'unmatchable.'*

III. iii. 85. *'Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again'*; "the inconstancy of the French was always a subject of satire. I have read a dissertation to prove that the index of the wind upon

our steeples was made in form of a cock to ridicule the French for their frequent changes" (Johnson).

III. iv. 18. '*I do remember*'; "Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never even saw him" (Malone).

III. iv. 38. '*the law of arms is such*'; "By the ancient law before the Conquest, fighting in the king's palace, or before the king's judges, was punished with death. And by Statute 33. Henry VIII., malicious striking in the king's palace, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual imprisonment and fine at the king's pleasure, and also with the loss of the offender's right hand" (Blackstone).

IV. i. 19. '*at the battle of Patay*'; Capell's emendation (adopted by Malone) of '*Poictiers*' of the Folios. The battle of Poictiers was fought 1357; the date of the present scene is 1428.

IV. i. 180. '*And if I wist he did*,' Capell; Folios, '*And if I wish he did*'; Rowe, '*And if I wish he did.—*'; Theobald (in text), '*An if I wis he did.—*'; (in note), '*And if I wis, he did.—*'; Johnson, '*And if—I wish—he did—*' or '*And if he did,—I wish—*'; Steevens, '*And, if I wist, he did,—*.'

IV. ii. 14. '*their love*'; Hanmer, '*our love.*'

IV. ii. 22. '*war*'; Capell, '*death.*'

IV. ii. 26. '*spoil*'; Vaughan, '*steel.*'

IV. iii. 51. '*That ever living man of memory*,' *i.e.* that ever man of living memory. Lettsom, '*man of ever-living.*'

IV. iv. 16. '*legions*,' Rowe's emendation of Folios '*Regions.*'

IV. iv. 19. '*in advantage lingering*'; Staunton, '*in disadvantage ling'ring*'; Lettsom, '*in disvantage lingering*'; Vaughan, '*disadvantage ling'ring.*' Johnson explains the phrase, "Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post"; Malone, "Endeavouring by every means, with advantage to himself, to linger out the action."

IV. iv. 31. '*host*'; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, '*hoast*'; Theobald's conjecture (adopted by Hanmer), '*horse.*'

IV. iv. 42. '*rescue: he is*'; Folios 1, 2, '*rescue, he is*'; Folios 3, 4, '*rescue, if he is*'; Rowe (ed. 1), '*rescue, if he's*'; (ed. 2), '*rescue, he's*'; Pope, '*rescue now, he's.*'

IV. v. 39. '*shame*'; Walker, '*sham'd.*'

IV. vi. 44. '*On that advantage*,' so the Folios; Theobald conjectured '*On that bad vantage*,' but subsequently read, '*Out on that vantage*'; Hanmer, '*Oh! what advantage*'; Vaughan, '*Oh hated vantage!*' etc.

IV. vii. 3.

'Triumphant Death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee';

the phrase *'smear'd with captivity'* has not been clearly explained; at first sight it is difficult to determine its exact force, and whether the words refer to Death or to the speaker (Talbot). Leo explains that 'Death is supposed to go triumphantly over the battle field, *smeared* with the *terrible* aspect of captivity'; but possibly the reference is to the Christian belief that Christ took Death captive. Death the Victor is, from this point of view. Death the Victim; it is, as it were, unconsciously smeared (*i.e.* smirched) with the wretched (not the *terrible*) aspect of captivity.

IV. vii. 60. *'But where's'*; so Folios; Rowe, *'Where is'*; Lettsom proposed *'First, where's.'*

IV. vii. 70. *'Henry'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'our King Henry.'* The line is probably to be read:—

'Great mareshal to Henery the Sixth.'

V. i. 17. *'Knit,'* the reading of the Folios; Pope first suggested *'kin,'* which was also adopted by Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson; Capell restored *'knit,'* which was adopted by Steevens and Malone. The Cambridge editions see in *'knit'* "a conceit suggested by the 'Knot of amity' in the preceding line."

V. i. 21. *'Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!'* Pope reads, *'Marriage, alas! my years are yet too young'*; Capell, *'Marriage, good uncle! alas, my years are young'*; Walker, *'Marriage, uncle, 'las my years are young.'*

V. i. 21. *'My years are young'*; "His majesty was, however, twenty-four years old" (Malone).

V. i. 49. *'where inshipp'd'*; the reading of Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, *'wherein ship'd'*; Folio 3, *'wherein shipp'd.'*

V. iii. 10. *'speedy and quick'*; Pope, *'speedy quick'*; Walker, *'speed and quick.'* *'argues'*; Vaughan, *'urges.'*

V. iii. 10. *'cull'd'*; Collier MS., *'call'd.'*

V. iii. 11. *'regions'*; Folios, *'Regions'*; Warburton, *'legions.'*

V. iii. 48, 49. *'I kiss . . . side'*; Capell and other editors transpose these lines:—*'And lay . . . side. I kiss . . .* [kissing her hand] *. . . peace.'*

V. iii. 57. *'Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings'*; Folios 1, 2, *'prisoner'*; Folios 3, 4, *'prisoners'*; Vaughan, *'pris-*

oned'; *'her wings,'* Folios 3, 4; Folio 1, *'his wings'*; Folio 2, *'hir wings'*; Vaughan, *'its wings.'*

V. iii. 63. *'Twinkling another counterfeited beam'*; Vaughan, *'Kindling another counterfeited beam'*; or *'Twinkling in other counterfeited beams.'*

V. iii. 68. *'Hast not a tongue? is she not here?'* Anon. conj., *'tongue to speak?' 'here?'*; Folio 1, *'heere?'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'heere thy prisoner'*; Keightley, *'here alone'*; Lettsom, *'here in place,'* or *'here beside thee'*; Vaughan, *'present here.'*

V. iii. 71. *'makes the senses rough'*; so the Folios; Hanmer, *'makes the senses crouch'*; Capell, *'make . . . crouch'*; Jackson, *'makes the senses touch'*; Collier MS., *'mocks the sense of touch.'*

V. iii. 78, 79. *'She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd,'* etc. These lines were evidently proverbial; *cp. Richard III.*, I. ii. 228, 230, and *Titus Andronicus*, II. i. 82, 83.

V. iii. 108. *'Lady'*; Capell, *'Nay, hear me, lady'*; Collier MS., *'Lady, pray tell me'*; Lettsom, *'Lady, sweet lady'*; Dyce, *'I prithee, lady.'*

V. iii. 145. *'And here I will expect thy coming'*; Dyce, *'here, my lord'*; Folio 4, *'coming'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'comming'*; Capell, *'coming, Reignier'*; Collier MS., *'coming down'*; Anon. conj., *'coming, king'*; Anon. conj., *'communing.'*

V. iii. 154. *'country'*; so the Folios; Theobald, *'counties'*; Capell, *'countries'*; Malone, *'county.'*

V. iii. 179. *'modestly'*; Folio 1, *'modestie.'*

V. iii. 192. *'And natural'*; Perring, *'Maid-natural'*; Capell, *'And'*; Folio 1, *'Mad'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Made'*; Pope, *'Her'*; Collier, *''Mid'*; Jackson conj. *'Man'*; Barry, *'Made'*; Vaughan, *'Mild.'*

V. iv. 37. *'Not me begotten'*; Anon. conj., *'Me, not begotten'*; Malone, *'Not one begotten'*; Anon conj., *'Not mean-begotten.'*

V. iv. 49. *'No, misconceived!'* so Steevens; Folios, 1, 2, 3, *'No misconceived,'* Folio 4, *'no misconceived Joan'*; Capell, *'No, misconceivers'*; Vaughan, *'No, misconceited!'*

V. iv. 121. *'Poison'd'*; Theobald, *'prison'd.'*

V. iv. 150. *'Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?'* "Do you stand to compare your present state, a state which you have neither right nor power to maintain, with the terms which we offer?" (Johnson).

V. v. 39. *'Yes, my lord'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Yes, my good lord'*; Anon. conj., *'Yes, yes, my lord,'* or *'Why, yes, my*

lord'; Dyce, *'O, yes, my lord'*; Vaughan, *'Yes, my lord—more.'*

V. v. 55. *'Marriage'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, read *'But marriage'*; perhaps we should read *'marriage.'*

V. v. 64. *'bringeth,'* the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'bringeth forth'*; perhaps the difficulty of the line is due to the quadrisyllabic nature of the word 'contrary' = 'cónterary.'

V. v. 90. *'To cross'*; Walker, *'Across.'*

Joan la Pucelle (I. iv. 101, etc.)
From the painting in the Town Hall of Rouen.

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Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[1-7.] These opening lines—which Coleridge more than intimates that only asinine stupidity could attribute to Shakespeare—might, as well as other passages in the three parts of *Henry VI.*, have provoked from Greene taunts of the author's ability "to bumbast out a blanke verse," and here at the outset we give the well-known literary curiosity left by the great Poet's fellow dramatist:—

To those Gentlemen, his Quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making Plaies, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities.

Thou famous gracer of Tragedians, . . . young Juvenall, that byting Satyrist, . . . and thou no less deserving than the other two. . . . Base-minded men al three of you, if by my miserie ye be not warned, for unto none of you (like me) sought those burres to cleave: those Puppets (I mean) that speake from our mouths, those anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Iohannes fac totum*, is in his own conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie. O that I might

intreate your rare wits to be imployed in more profitable courses: and let these Apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions.

—*Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance (written before his death* [1592], *and published at his dying request).*

Brandes says that "the allusion to Shakespeare's name is unequivocal, and the words about the tiger's heart point to the outburst, 'O Tyger's hart wrapt in a serpents hide!' which is found in two places: first in the play called *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of the good King Henrie the Sixt,* and then (with 'womans' substituted for 'serpents'), in the third part of *King Henry VI.,* founded on the *True Tragedie,* and attributed to Shakespeare. It is preposterous to interpret this passage as an attack upon Shakespeare in his quality as an actor; Greene's words, beyond all doubt, convey an accusation of literary dishonesty. Everything points to the belief that Greene and Marlowe had collaborated in the older play, but that the former saw with disgust the success achieved by Shakespeare's adaptation of their text."

1. *Hung be the heavens with black*:—The upper part of the stage was in Shakespeare's time technically called *the heavens,* and was used to be *hung with black* when tragedies were performed.

3. *your crystal tresses*:—The epithet *crystal* was often applied to *comets* by the old writers. So in a sonnet by Lord Sterline, 1604: "Whenas those *crystal comets* whiles appear."

17. [*Exeter.*] Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, was son to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford; born out of wedlock, but legitimated along with three other children in the time of Richard II. Of course therefore he was great-uncle to King Henry VI. At the death of Henry V. he was appointed governor of the infant king, which office he held till his death in 1425. The dramatist, however, prolongs his life till 1444, the period of Part I. Holinshed calls him "a right sage and discreet counsellor." The name Beaufort was derived from the place of his birth, which was Beaufort Castle in France.

28. [*Winchester.*] Henry Beaufort, known in history as "the great Bishop of Winchester," was brother to the Duke of Exeter. At this time he held the office of chancellor, and was associated with Exeter in the governing of the infant sovereign. The quar-

rel between him and his nephew, the Duke of Gloucester, did not break out till 1425, though it had been brewing in secret for some time. In 1427 he was advanced by Pope Martin to the office of cardinal. The matter is related by Holinshed.

Scene II.

1 *et seq.* In the second Scene Shakespeare brings us at once into the heart of the extraordinary circumstances in which the final discomfiture of the English commenced—the appearance of Joan of Arc before Orleans, and the marvellous success which attended that appearance. There was a real interval of nearly seven years between the events of the first Scene and of the second. Henry V. died on the 31st of August, 1422; Joan of Arc entered Orleans in April, 1429. Here, then, begins the true dramatic action of this play. The preceding Scene is in the nature of a prologue, and is the keynote of what is to follow.

30. *Olivers and Rowlands*:—These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are the theme of old romances. From the equally doughty and unheard-of exploits of these champions arose the saying of *Giving a Rowland for an Oliver,* for giving a person as good as he brings.

98-101. *sword . . . chose forth*:—This is taken from the chronicler: "Then at the Dolphins sending by hir assignement, from Saint Katharins church of Fierbois in Touraine, where she never had beene, in a secret place there among old iron, appointed she hir sword to be sought out and brought hir, that with five floure delices was graven on both sides, wherewith she fought, and did manie slaughters by hir owne hands."

150. [*Exeunt.*] The matter of this Scene is thus related by Holinshed: "In time of this siege at Orleance, French stories saie, unto Charles the Dolphin at Chinon was caried a yoong wench of an eighteene yeeres old called Joan Arc, borne at Domprin upon Meuse in Loraine. Of favour was she counted likesome, of person stronglie made and manlie, of courage great, hardie, and stout withall, an understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastitie both of bodie and behaviour, the name of Jesus in hir mouth about all hir businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting diverse daies in the weeke. Unto the Dolphin in his gallerie when first she was brought, and he shadowing himselfe behind, setting other gaie

lords before him to trie hir cunning, she pickt him out alone, who thereupon had her to the end of the gallerie, where she held him an houre in secret and private talke, that of his privie chamber was thought verie long, and therefore would have broken it off; but he made them a sign to let hir saie on."

Scene III.

34. *to murder our dead lord*:—One of Gloucester's charges against Cardinal Beaufort was that, when Henry V. was Prince of Wales, the Cardinal plotted for his assassination in the palace of Westminster, where the prince was lodged.

39, 40. *This be Damascus*, etc.:—The allusion here is well explained by a passage in *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville*: "In that place where Damascus was founded, Kayn sloughe Abel his brother." And Ritson has another of like drift from the *Polychronicon*: "Damascus is as much as to say shedding of blood; for there Chaym slew Abel, and hid him in the sand."

47. *Blue coats to tawny coats*:—It appears from this, that Gloucester's servants wore *blue coats*, and Winchester's *tawny*. Such was the usual livery of servants in the Poet's time, and long before. Stowe informs us that on a certain occasion the Bishop of London "was attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny* coats."

91. [*Exeunt.*] The account of this stormy brawl, as given in the old chronicles, runs substantially thus: The duke being absent a while, the bishop caused the Tower to be garrisoned, and committed to the care of Richard Woodville, with orders "to admit no one more powerful than himself." The duke, at his return, demanding lodgings in the Tower, and being refused, forthwith ordered the mayor to close the gates of the city against the bishop, and to furnish him with five hundred horsemen, that he might visit in safety the young King at Eltham. The next morning the bishop's retainers undertook to burst open the gate on the bridge, and placed archers in the houses on each side of the road, declaring that, as their lord was excluded from the city, so they would keep the duke from leaving it.

Scene IV.

95. *Plantagenet*:—This looks as if the dramatist thought Salisbury's name Plantagenet, while in fact it was Thomas Montacute.

"This earle," says Holinshed, "was the man at that time by whose wit, strength, and policie, the English name was much terrible to the French; which of himselfe might both appoint, command, and doo all things in manner at his pleasure; for suerlie he was both painefull, diligent, and ready to withstand all dangerous chances that were in hand, prompt in counsell, and of courage invincible; so that in no one man men put more trust, nor any singular person wan the harts so much of all men."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

8. *redoubted Burgundy*:—This duke succeeded to the title in 1419, at which time his father was murdered. The murder was one of the darkest deeds done in that land of perfidy and blood. In pursuance of a special arrangement the victim went to confer with the Dauphin at Montereau. At his coming he found that three barriers, each having a gate, had been drawn across the bridge, and was told that the Dauphin had been waiting for him more than an hour. Having with twelve attendants passed two of the gates, which were quickly locked behind him, he there bent his knee to the Dauphin, who had come forth to meet him; and, while addressing him in that posture, was struck in the face with an axe by one of the Dauphin's servants, and before he could make any defence, a multitude of wounds laid him dead on the ground. This rare piece of atrocity had the effect of binding his son Philip in close alliance with England, which was further strengthened and prolonged by the marriage of Bedford with his sister in 1423. Her death, which occurred in 1432, greatly loosened the bonds between her brother and the regent. At length, under the mediation of the pope, a congress of English, French, and Burgundian ambassadors was held at Arras in 1435, which ended in a reconciliation of Burgundy and the Dauphin, who had then succeeded to the crown of France. The Poet represents the detaching of Burgundy from England to have been brought about by Joan of Arc; for which the only historical ground is that Joan wrote a letter to the duke urging upon him the course which he afterwards took.

78. [*They fly.*] This retaking of Orleans is a fiction of the dramatist's. In fact, little advance was made towards taking the

city after the death of Salisbury; though (according to Holinshed) Talbot, Fastolfe, and others, "caused bastilles to be made round about the citie, and left nothing unattempted, that might advance their purpose." Thenceforth the siege was turned into a blockade, but supplies and reinforcements were still received into the place. After Joan and her convoy entered the town, which was in April, 1429, the English did not stir from their entrenchments; and in May they gave over and withdrew.

Scene II.

38. *Countess of Auvergne*:—As Ulrici has observed, the dramatist required a definite centre for the war represented in this play, which centre was after all furnished historically by the life and death of Talbot; and Ulrici adds: "In order to bring this centre more prominently forward, and to throw more glory upon the English popular hero, Shakespeare has also interwoven the story of the Countess of Auvergne, which the *Chronicles* have left unreported, but which popular tradition probably put into the Poet's hands. At all events, the story has quite the character of a traditional anecdote."

Scene III.

[*The Countess's castle.*] Hudson says that "of whole scenes, the third in Act II., between old Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne, is in the conception and the execution a genuine stroke of Shakespearian art, full of dramatic spirit, and making a strong point of stage effect in the most justifiable sense."

Scene IV.

[*The Temple-garden.*] Hudson says that in this Scene "we have a concentration of true dramatic life issuing in a series of forcible and characteristic flashes, where every word tells with singular effect both as a development of present temper and a germ of many tragic events. And, on the higher principles of art, how fitting it was that this outburst of smothered rage, this distant ominous grumbling of the tempest, should be followed by the subdued and plaintive tones that issue from the prison of the aged Mortimer, where we have the very spring and cause of the

gathering storm discoursed in a strain of melancholy music and a virtual sermon of revenge and slaughter breathed from dying lips." Herford calls this "the most Shakespearian scene of all, which, in fact, links the first part most signally with the sequel," but he adds that it "cannot be conclusively held to have been designed as such a link; for the situation is repeated (with far inferior power) in *2 Henry VI.*, II. ii., where Warwick once more listens to the case for York. It is more plausible to suppose that II. iv. was originally designed to give cohesion to the Talbot play, by explaining the animosity of Somerset to which Talbot owes his fall."

1. [*Plantagenet.*] This Richard Plantagenet was son of the earl of Cambridge who was overtaken in a plot against the life of Henry V., and executed at Southampton. That earl was a younger brother of Edward Duke of York, who fell at the battle of Agincourt, and had no child to succeed him. So that on his father's side Richard was grandson to Edmund of Langley, the fourth son of Edward III. His mother was Anne, sister of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, and great-granddaughter to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, who was the second son of Edward III. In 1425, the fourth year of Henry VI., Richard was restored to the rights and titles that had been forfeited by his father, and was made Duke of York. After the death of Bedford, in 1435, he succeeded him as regent of France; was recalled two years later, and appointed again in 1441. Some three years after, being supplanted in that office by his rival, the Duke of Somerset, he took the government of Ireland instead, from whence he began to stretch forth his hand to the crown.

10. [*Somerset.*] The Earl of Somerset at this time was John Beaufort, grandson to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford, and of course nephew to the Duke of Exeter and the Bishop of Winchester. He was afterwards advanced to the rank of duke, and died in 1432, leaving his title to his brother Edmund; his only surviving child being Margaret, who was married to the Earl of Richmond, and thence became the mother of Henry VII. So that there were two Dukes of Somerset in the time of this play, though the author does not distinguish them; or rather he prolongs the life of John several years beyond its actual date.

11. [*Warwick.*] This Earl of Warwick was Richard Beauchamp, surnamed the Good. He was esteemed the greatest of the captains formed in the great school of Henry V. After the death of Exeter, he was appointed governor of the young King in 1426.

When York was first recalled from the regency of France, in 1437, Warwick succeeded him, with the title of Lieutenant-general and Governor of France, and died at Rouen in May, 1439. The dramatist, however, keeps him alive till the end of the play, or at least does not distinguish him from Henry, who succeeded him.

86. *the place's privilege*:—It does not appear that the *Temple* had any privilege of sanctuary at this time, being then, as now, the residence of law students. The author might imagine it to have derived some such privilege from the Knights Templars, or Knights Hospitalers, both religious orders, its former inhabitants. It is true, blows may have been prohibited by the regulations of the society: the author perhaps did not much consider the matter, but represents it as suited his purpose.

Scene V.

[*Enter Mortimer.*] This Scene is at variance with history. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who was trusted and employed by Henry V. throughout his reign, died of the plague in his own castle at Trim, in Ireland, in 1424, being then only thirty-two years old. His uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed a prisoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the Earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales. The dramatist was led into error by the popular historians of his time, whose accounts disagree. Hall says that the Earl of March "was ever *kepte in the courte* under such a keeper that he could neither do nor attempt any thyng agaynste the kyng wythout his knowledge, and died without issue."

88. *Levied an army*:—This is another departure from history. Cambridge levied no army, but was apprehended at Southampton the night before Henry sailed from that town for France, on the information of this very Earl of March.

96. *Thou art my heir*, etc.:—I acknowledge you to be my heir; the legal consequences growing from this I wish you to infer for yourself.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*bill.*] Gloucester offers to put up articles of accusation, called a *bill*. This Parliament was held in 1426 at Leicester, though here

represented to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first Parliament, which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother, Queen Katharine, brought the young King from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne with the infant in her lap.

Scene II.

40. *Pride* here signifies *haughty power.* So, afterwards, in IV. vi. 15: "And from the *pride* of Gallia rescued thee." The general sentiment of the English respecting Joan of Arc is very well shown in that the regent, soon after the coronation at Rheims, wrote to Charles VII., complaining that "he had, by the allurement of a *develish witch,* taken upon him the name, title, and dignitie of the King of France," and challenging him to a trial of the question by private combat. Divers other choice vituperative epithets are stuck upon the heroic maiden by the old chroniclers, such as "false miscreant," and "a damnable sorcerer suborned by Satan."

114. [*Bedford dies.*] This scene of feigning, fighting, jesting, dying, and running away, is a fiction of the dramatist's; though there are several passages in the war in France, that might have furnished a hint and basis for it. The regent died quietly in his bed at Rouen, September 14, 1435, and was buried in the cathedral. It is said that some years after Louis XI., being urged to remove his bones and deface his monument, replied, "I will not war with the remains of a prince who was once a match for your fathers and mine: and who, were he now alive, would make the proudest of us tremble. Let his ashes rest in peace, and may the Almighty have mercy on his soul!"

Scene III.

Ulrici has the following remarks, which, as he says, genius substantially adopts and particularly applies to Henry VI.: "Shakespeare's deviations from actual history, more especially those in regard to chronology, which he might otherwise have avoided, were made with a view of giving a vivid representation of both the inner and the outer connection of the greater whole, and of the ideal character, the ethical significance of the events in the several parts. These deviations refer only to points in which he has differed from the chronicles and popular histories of his day, to

the exclusion of all such corrections as have been gained by modern investigations. It was only *such* sources that Shakespeare *wished* to and *could* follow, owing to the character of dramatic poetry, which is necessarily popular; he could not have adopted the results of learned historiography even though—what was not generally the case—these had existed at his time."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1. *the crown*:—The crowning of King Henry at Paris took place December 17, 1431. Concerning that event Holinshed has the following: "To speake with what honour he was received into the citie of Paris, what pageants were prepared, and how richlie the gates, streets, bridges on everie side were hanged with costlie clothes of arras and tapestrie, it would be too long a processe, and therefore I doo heere pass it over with silence." Nevertheless the occasion was but poorly attended save by foreigners, none of the higher French nobility gracing it with their presence.

Scene II.

11. *Lean famine*, etc.:—This figure was much used by the old poets. It occurs in the Prologue to Act I., of *Henry V.*, line 7. So, likewise, in the answer of Henry V. to the citizens of Rouen, when he was besieging that city in 1419, as reported in Holinshed: "That the goddesse of battell called Bellona, had three handmaidens ever of necessitie attending upon hir, as blood, fire, and famine. And whereas it laie in his choise to use them all three, yea, two, or one of them, at his pleasure, he had appointed onlie the meekest of those three damsels to punish them of that citie, till they were brought to reason."

49. *rascal-like*:—This use of *rascal* is well explained by a passage from Verstegan's *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, 1605: "As before I have showed how the ill names of beasts, in their most contemptible state, are in contempt applied to women; so is *rascall*, being the name of an ill-favoured, leane, and worthlesse *deere*, commonly applied unto such men as are held of no credit or worth." The figure is kept up by using *heads of steel* for *lances*, referring to the deer's horns.

Scene III.

46. *'Long .all of Somerset*:—On the death of Bedford in 1435, York succeeded him in the regency of France. In 1437 he was superseded by Warwick, who died about two years after, and York was reappointed. In this office Somerset took special pains to cross and thwart him. The effects of their enmity are strongly stated by Holinshed: "Although the Duke of York was worthie, both for birth and courage, of this honour and preferment, yet so disdeined of the Duke of Summerset, that by all means possible sought his hindrance, as one glad of his losse, and sorie of his well dooing: by reason whereof, yer the Duke of York could get his despatch, Paris and diverse other of the cheefest places in France were gotten by the French king. The Duke of York, perceiving his evill will, openlie dissembled that which he inwardlie minded, either of them working things to the others displeasure, till, through malice and division betweene them, at length by mortal warre they were both consumed, with almost all their whole lines and offspring."

Scene IV.

13. *bought and sold*:—This expression seems to have been proverbial; intimating that foul play had been used. So in *King John*, V. iv. 10: "Fly, noble English, you are *bought and sold*."

Scene VII.

32. *young John Talbot's grave*:—The battle in which the Talbots fell is known in history as the battle of Chatillon, the name of a fortress not far from Bordeaux, and took place in July, 1453. The occasion was this: The preceding year, while England was torn with civil war, all France having been lost, the people of Guienne, impatient of French tyranny, sent over a deputation, offering to renew their allegiance, and soliciting the aid of an army. The invitation was gladly accepted, and the command given to the veteran Earl of Shrewsbury. The old hero used such energy and despatch, that he took possession of Bordeaux and the surrounding country before the French could interpose any hindrance. The next spring, while he was extending his conquests, a French army invested Chatillon, which he had before taken and fortified. Talbot, hastening to its relief, surprised and defeated a

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large body of the enemy; whereupon the French retired into an intrenched camp lined with three hundred pieces of cannon. He then ordered an assault, and the enemy began to waver, when the arrival of a new body of men turned the day against him.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

29. *a cardinal's degree*:—Beaufort's preferment to this rank having happened about fifteen years back, it may seem strange that Exeter should now for the first time wonder at it as something new. This, however, is quite in keeping with other things here, such as the alleged youth of the King, who was at this time twenty-three years old. The point is thus stated by Coleridge: "The history of our ancient kings—the events of their reigns, I mean—are like stars in the sky; whatever the real interspaces may be, and however great, they seem close to each other. The stars—the events—strike us and remain in our eye, little modified by the difference of dates."

Scene III.

1. [*Pucelle.*] The manner in which the writer of this play delineates this Joan of Arc in Act I. has been held to be one of the proofs that Shakespeare was not the author. "But," observes Knight, "however the dramatist may have represented this extraordinary woman as a sorceress, and made her accuse herself of licentious conduct, he has fallen very far short of the injustice of the English chroniclers, who, no doubt, represented the traditionary opinions of the English nation."

6. The *monarch of the north* was Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The north was supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton assembles the rebel angels in the *north*.

30. [*La Pucelle is taken.*] The capture of Joan occurred in May, 1430, twelve years before the event of the first Scene of this Act, and more than five years before the death of Bedford, and while Burgundy was yet in alliance with the English. The latter undertaking to reduce the city of Compeigne, Joan went with an army to raise the siege. On the march she met and routed a force of Burgundians, and, having taken Franquet, their leader, had

him beheaded on the spot. Reinforcements pouring in from all sides, she was soon forced to retreat, herself taking the rear-guard, and repeatedly turning upon the pursuers, and keeping them off; till, at last, her men being broken, she was pulled from her horse by an archer, and, lying on the ground, surrendered herself. The heroine was then conducted to John of Luxemburg, who some months after sold her into the hands of the regent.

62-64. *As plays,* etc.:—This comparison, made between things sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle; which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. Sidney, in his *Astrophel and Stella,* supports this explanation:—

> "Lest if no vaile these brave gleams did disguise,
> They, sunlike, should more dazzle than delight."

Scene IV.

74. *Machiavel*:—The character of Machiavelli seems to have made so very deep an impression on the dramatic writers of the age, that he is many times introduced by them, notwithstanding the anachronism. So in *The Valiant Welshman,* 1615: "Read *Machiavel*; princes that would aspire must mock at hell."

92, 93. *consume to ashes,* etc.:—Joan of Arc was burnt, as "an agent of the devil," at Rouen, May 30, 1431. The inhuman sentence was the result of an ecclestiastical trial, at which the Bishop of Beauvais presided, she having been taken in his diocese. Yet the violence of her enemies was not so cruel as the neglect of those who ought to have been her friends. The matter is thus stated by Lingard: "If ever prince were indebted to a subject, Charles VII. was indebted to Joan of Arc. She had dispelled the terror with which success had invested the English arms, had reanimated the courage of the French soldiery, and had firmly established the King on the throne of his ancestors. Yet, from the moment of her captivity she appears to have been forgotten. We read not of any sum offered for her ransom, or attempt made to alleviate the rigour of her confinement, or notice taken of her trial and execution."

175. *a solemn peace*:—This *peace,* which was in reality but a *truce,* was negotiated by Suffolk, who had been sent as ambassador for that purpose, an instrument having been first signed by the King and approved by the Parliament, authorizing him to conduct

the treaty to the best of his abilities, and pardoning beforehand every error of judgement into which he might fall. The meeting of ambassadors was at Tours in February, 1444; where many things were moved for a final peace, but the best they could come to was a truce for eighteen months.

Scene V.

25-29. *So should I give,* etc.:—"Although this mariage," says Holinshed, "pleased the King and diverse of his councell, yet Humfrie Duke of Glocester, protector of the realme, was much against it, alledging that it should be both contrarie to the lawes of God, and dishonourable to the prince, if he should breake that promise and contract of mariage, made by ambassadours sufficiently instructed thereto, with the daughter of the Earle of Arminacke, upon conditions both to him and his realme as much profitable as honourable. But the duke's words could not be heard, for the earles dooings were onelie liked and allowed."

103. *Suffolk . . . goes*:—Suffolk set forth on this expedition in October, 1444. Thus stands the account in Holinshed: "The Earle of Suffolke was made Marquesse of Suffolke, which marquesse, with his wife and manie honourable personages of men and women, richlie adorned both with apparell and jewels, having with them manie costlie chariots and gorgeous horslitters, sailed into France for the conveiance of the nominated queene into the realme of England. For King Reiner, hir father, for all his long stile, had too short a pursse to send his daughter honourablie to the King hir spouse."

Questions on 1 Henry VI.

1. What are some of the contemporary allusions to this play that help to establish its date?

2. What are some of the arguments against the sole Shakespearian authorship of the play?

3. Who have been suggested as collaborators?

ACT FIRST.

4. What is there un-Shakespearian about the opening lines of the play?

5. How are events of the preceding play, *Henry V.*, continued in this one?

6. Criticise the manner in which the news brought by the messengers is delivered. Is it compatible with reality?

7. What is the situation presented in the first Scene? What offices are held respectively by Bedford and Gloucester? What threat is made by Winchester?

8. What is the condition of the French fortunes when Joan la Pucelle appears?

9. What traits of character are here attributed to her that are at variance with the Joan of tradition?

10. Indicate the effect of Sc. ii. In what way does it contribute to the development of the plot? How does it differ from the account given by the old chroniclers?

11. From Sc. iv. what do you gather of Talbot's reputation? What traits of character does he display?

12. What is there un-Shakespearian about the battle-scene?

13. What effect does the dramatist wish to produce by bringing Joan into personal conflict with Talbot?

14. What was the contemporaneous opinion of the English concerning the secret of Joan's military success?

ACT SECOND.

15. Are the events presented in Sc. i. historically true?

16. How does the episode of the Countess of Auvergne (Sc. ii.) illustrate the weak side of Talbot's nature?

17. Comment on the dramatic effectiveness of Sc. iii. Is the matter reported in the chronicles? Has it any literary precedent? Is the plot in any way assisted by it?

18. Sc. iv. has been regarded of undoubted Shakespearian authorship. What do you see in it to support the view?

19. What was the point of dispute between Plantagenet and Somerset? Where has Shakespeare presented a picture of the condemnation of Richard Earl of Cambridge?

20. Who was the Mortimer presented in Sc. v.? What previous plays have dealt with him?

21. Considered as an episode, what is the effect of Sc. v.? Considered structurally, is this Scene a necessary part of the present play? Is its value more apparent from a consideration of the series of plays dealing with the Henrys?

22. What does Sc. v. contribute to the enveloping atmosphere of *Henry VI.*?

ACT THIRD.

23. What is the dramatic purpose of the quarrel between Winchester and Gloucester in Sc. i.? In this Scene how are the fortunes of Plantagenet advanced?

24. In the speech of Exeter with which the Scene closes what is foreshadowed?

25. Was the taking of Rouen by the French through strategy an historic fact?

26. Explain Joan's taunt (ii. 44) that the corn was *full of darnel.*

27. What is lacking in the presentation of the cowardice of Sir John Fastolfe to support the belief that he is Shakespeare's creation?

28. What is Joan's status among the French at the point of the story marked by Sc. iii.?

29. Is her persuasion of the Duke of Burgundy convincing? What point of the rising action does this Scene mark?

30. Show what is effected by Sc. iv.

ACT FOURTH.

31. How is the crowning of Henry in Sc. i. shown to be a mere travesty?

32. Show how Sc. i. is managed to secure a cumulative effect. What does the entrance of Gloucester into the dispute (line 123) serve to recall so that all the elements of internal strife confronting Henry are brought to a focus in the Scene?

33. Is youth the only excuse for the King's inadequacy?

34. What resemblance do you note between Talbot's speech before Bordeaux, at the beginning of Sc. ii., and that of Henry V. before Harfleur? What bearing may this have upon the question of the genuineness of the passage?

35. Support by reasons your belief, if so you judge them, that lines 42-56 are Shakespearian. Comment on the elaborate figure here used. Do you find many such in this play?

36. How do Scs. iii. and iv. show that the cause of England is more jeopardized by the strife among her nobles than by the power of France?

37. Explain the allusion of Sir William Lucy (iii. 47) to *the vulture of sedition.*

38. Taking Scs. vi. and vii. as examples, may we deduce a possible law of Shakespeare's earlier æsthetic creed concerning the harmony of sentiment and versification? Consider this in connection with the comedies of this approximate date—*Love's Labour's Lost, Comedy of Errors,* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

39. What effect has the death of Talbot on the English cause in France?

40. What temper as conquerors is displayed by the French?

ACT FIFTH.

41. What defect in the King does Sc. i. reveal that may be taken as the reason of his failure in France? What is his reply when marriage is proposed?

42. To what position does Winchester attain? How did he secure his preferment? What does his closing speech foreshadow?

43. Why is the final triumph of the English depicted from the French point of view?

44. Does Sc. iii. present a new phase of Joan's spiritual develop-

ment? State what it is and what the dramatist intends to convey thereby.

45. Considering *Henry VI.* as a unit, does Margaret contribute anything to the action? How does she serve as a link between this and the succeeding parts of the trilogy?

46. How does the Shepherd of Sc. iv. differ from the portraits of countrymen that Shakespeare has elsewhere furnished? What trick of speech bears some resemblance to one frequently employed by him?

47. Does Joan in Sc. iv. exhibit any of the traits of those who have accomplished considerable through belief in a supernatural assistance, and who seek to maintain their rank and reputation after they have felt the power withdrawn?

48. In the presentation of this character does the play follow the belief of the English regarding the real character of Joan, as presented by Hall and Holinshed?

49. State the reason why this character is so repellent to modern readers.

50. Indicate the situation that the final Scene of this play proposes for the action of Part II. of the trilogy.

For general questions see end of 3 *Henry VI.*

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